

The Pacific

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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The *Bibliotheca Sacra* publishes the replies of some one hundred and twenty-five gentlemen as to the proper meaning of the term Sociology, and the propriety of using the prefixed adjective, Christian. Among those who furnish replies are from our own region—Presidents Kellogg and Jordan, Prof. Foster and Dr. C. O. Brown. The first named says: "Sociology is a hybrid word, but it cannot be displaced, and the adjective Christian is its best modifier." Dr. Jordan declares that "the word Christian, prefixed to the name of any science, is a species of venerable quackery." Prof. Foster regards "the use of the term Christian Sociology to indicate sociology studied for Christian purposes, and by Christian men," as "natural and appropriate." Dr. Brown considers the use of the adjective in connection with sociology "as consistent as to speak of Christian ethics." The proportion in the whole one hundred and twenty-five of those who disfavor the use of the adjective is rather larger than it is in the four California repliers. The upshot seems to be about this: Sociology considered simply as a matter of inductive investigation of facts has no modifier any more than biology has. But considered as an exposition of the principles which should govern voluntary agents in society it is Christian, because the deepest and most thorough principles of all moral behavior are those which Christ lived and taught. In this immensely wide field of inquiry and of service, where the questions are so complex, the opportunity for quackery, whether venerable or vealy, is inviting. But the emphasis on that which is Christian should limit rather than increase the liability of it.

We have heard of a woman who, having entered into membership in one of our local churches, remarked afterward that if she had known

there was anything to pay she should not have joined. That woman was frank enough to say what perhaps others feel, but do not say. The gladness of associated responsibility has not been revealed to them any more than to her. It should seem, however, in these days, when so many people belong to no one can tell how many different lodges and societies, and where the "dues" in those organizations are not hinted at, but very plainly expressed in the bond of admission, that it would not appear strange that church connection involves pecuniary privilege. It is the privilege of sharing in the work and progress of the kingdom of Christ. So far from standing outside with the idea of immunity from the common burdens, the impulse of the Christian heart is to bear them, if they are burdens; but to count them rather among the satisfactions of life. That may be far the nobler feeling which some of us have heard expressed by those who have felt wounded because when some joint endeavor was made they were not invited to take part. There may be such a thing, of course, as too incessant reference to contributions or offerings. Ordinarily, the trouble is not in the frequent reference, but in the ungracious manner of its presentation. All Christian giving is in Christ's name and for his sake. The church which he loved is the object to which the heart most willingly devotes its treasures.

Some disciples are fairly co-operative when some local or personal appeal comes, but they do not respond to the summons of the "seven societies." Perhaps they have something of our good woman's way of thinking. If they had known that seven societies would make an assesment, they would have remained independent. What our brethren in other folds call the connection tie does not draw much with them. If somebody should come from Ceylon and interest them in an independent enterprise they would be responsive, more or less. If Dr. Simpson's alliance should happen this way they might join in the showering of the gold watches. If now that the Japanese churches wish to manage their own missions, and therefore some succession of individual pastors there should cross the water and ask one by one for funds for this or that purpose, they would listen. That is, instead of seven well organized Congre-

gational, long-tried, and responsibly managed societies of our own associated churches, they would encourage no one knows how many and how miscellaneous applicants. We are trying to learn nowadays the value of associated charities, instead of that method which is so confusing, and so uneconomical, of feeding tramps from door to door. So our societies have been formed on purpose to conduct the various lines of benevolent and missionary service, which devolve upon Congregationalists in an orderly and efficient way. Is it not wise to see to it that these treasuries which are our own should first be supplied?

One of our exchanges prints a letter from an old man, a part of which reads thus: "Enclosed you will find an unreceipted account, and \$7.50, its amount, with interest computed, \$18.75, the explanation of which is this: In rummaging through some old papers, I came across the account, which had been laid aside, mislaid, and was never paid. That, of course, did not change my relation to it as an honest debt owed." This enclosure comes under the head of conscience money, and there must be a large amount of it due, not to religious papers only, but to churches also. It may be that some of us rummage old papers, not unwilling to find some evidence of debts owing to ourselves, and not paid. How is it with those bills which have been sent for collection, but have been mislaid, but their mislaying has not changed our relation to them? How is it about those pledges to the church, which, because you were absent, or on a vacation, have never been redeemed? How much of the debt of the Missionary Society, and the American Board, is really the debt of thousands of individuals, who have neglected to give into the treasury the sums they have actually supposed they were going to contribute? Calculate the interest, and send it all in. What an overflow!

BRIEF NOTES.—The following, and said to be great papers, too, issue no edition on Sunday: *The Ledger*, Philadelphia; *Sun*, Baltimore; *Traveller*, Boston; *Record*, Chicago; *Commercial Gazette*, Pittsburgh. —The *Congregationalist* gives some figures on the loss of churches, which deserve attention: In the period of 1875 to 1884, 1,353 new churches were or-

ganized and 658 were dropped. In the period of 1885 to 1894, 2,212 were formed and 957 disappeared. Even if one slips one step while he is making two, he is comforted in the fact of getting on. But the percentage of backward movement—how can it be reduced?—There is one clergyman who, though he was trained as a Congregationalist, did not follow the law of such transition and became more intensely churchly than those to the manner born—that is the present rector of Trinity church, Boston, Dr. E. W. Donald. —That professor, Dr. Dougan Clark of Earlham College in the Society of Friends, who went and got baptized, has been "disqualified." But while the Friends do not accept baptism of water, need it be a sin to accept it?—Those who advocate the unity of churches tell us that one of the chief things in the way is so much theological rubbish that has come down from the past. No doubt of that, but what about the rubbish the present generation is constantly making?—The opening of the sixty-two mile ship-canal between the North Sea and the Baltic has called attention to the fact that in thirty-three years there were lost in the Danish waters no fewer than eight thousand vessels—about two hundred and fifty a year. The canal is supposed to guarantee comparative safety.—It is sometimes imagined that the amount of unclaimed money in banks is very great; but according to a careful estimate for the Great Britain institutions, while the deposits are £700,000,000, the unclaimed do not probably exceed £2,500,000. In America the laws that require a publication once in five years of such deposits tend to reduce the amount of them.—That is an interesting reminiscence of Dr. E. D. Morris which tells us that he and the late ex-President Seelye would have come as home missionaries to California, only they were told that the Society had shortly before sent two men, the cost of whose support in each case amounted to near \$5,000 in gold. The two, Morris and Seelye, belonged to the Auburn class of 1852. —Dr. Pearsons is looking eastward and has offered to Mt. Holyoke \$50,000 on condition of its raising \$150,000.

A Swedish church was organized June 6th at Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Its future is hopeful.

INTERNATIONAL Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

WORK IN THE MISSION FIELD.

"The Association as Related to Missions" occupied the Friday evening session at the First Congregational church. Dr. James L. Barton of Boston, Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., made a strong plea for the sending of Association Secretaries to foreign mission fields. The mission colleges have stimulated government and non-christian schools, to which young men are flocking. The missionaries cannot work for the young men in these colleges, for they would not be permitted to enter; besides, their denominationalism is against them, for to the heathen it represents a propagandism against which bitter prejudices have grown up. But an association worker from one of our colleges would be welcomed by the college young men there, and his undenominationalism would be given a free entry. The time is ripe for this. The missionaries and the Board are unanimous in asking for it. There are 50,000 college students ready to receive this work.

Louis Hieb, Secretary elect for Ceylon, gave an interesting description of the conditions of the Ceylon field. Ceylon has 3,000,000 inhabitants as against 300,000,000 in all India. The language of the Ceylon high caste is the language of the schools of India, and scholars from Ceylon schools go as teachers to the remotest parts of India. These higher castes patronize the Christian colleges of Ceylon. For five years these Ceylon colleges have been asking America for an Association Secretary. This is a tide in the affairs of Ceylon that, taken now, will lead on to the salvation of India.

D. Willard Lyon, Secretary elect for China, gave a most interesting picture of the present opportunity for work in China. There are as many young men in China as there are inhabitants in the United States. Over a million of them are studying for the higher degrees conferred by the government. The missionaries and native Christians of five of the leading cities of the empire have sent petitions for Association Secretaries. Where the work has already been begun it has rounded up the work done by the missionaries in a wonderful way.

David McConaughy, Jr., of Madras, International Secretary for India, just returned from his first five years' work in India, gave a thrilling account of the beginnings and growth of the work during that period. There were eighteen associations, some dead or dying, and none with a native membership, when he landed in 1890. Now there are eighty associations with a membership of 4,000, more than four times that in 1890. Now there are five General Secretaries and five natives in training as Assistant Secretaries. Bible classes, open air meetings, gospel meetings are conducted by these associations. On one line of railroad, where one young Christian Scotchman has labored, so many of the railroad men have been converted that the native dance-houses that used to thrive on the patronage of the men have been closed. The policy of the association is to concentrate the work in the larger centers. Here more young men are reached, and these go to every part of the country carrying the gospel with them.

THE LAST DAY'S SESSION.

The duty of the Association to young men of foreign birth and par-

entage, dwelt principally on the French Canadians in New York and New England. Professor Lee of the French-American college, and George Hague, manager of the Merchants' Bank of Montreal, were the principal leaders in this discussion. Professor Lee insisted on the necessity of christianizing and Americanizing this increasing flood of people who are breaking down our Christian Sabbath and our American institutions. The greatest difficulty with which we have to deal in handling this class is the low plane of moral ideas on which they stand.

Mr. Hague said we have no idea of the difference between a French Roman Catholic in Canada, and a Roman Catholic of this country. They are taught from earliest infancy that the Bible is a dangerous book, that there is but one religion and that all other forms are false; that religion is a series of ceremonies, and that it is right and very laudable to put down all false forms of religion by force.

General O. O. Howard spoke with much force and feeling on the field for Association work in the Army. There are thirty-four army posts with chaplains and sixty without chaplains, he said. Some of the latter are near cities or villages where the local churches give more or less religious aid. A garrison is made up of officers and their families and enlisted men—the latter usually without families. The chaplain's work is almost wholly confined to the officers and their families. The chaplains are not always the best of pastors; sick, weak and crippled creatures are wont to look on an army chaplaincy as a haven of perfect rest. But if the chaplain and the commanding officer are both earnest Christian men, they may be able to do much in a religious way for the garrison. As a rule, however, the enlisted men are commonly without religious influence. The soldiers are much like the railroad men. If rousing gospel meetings with good instrumental music and good singing can be provided by young men (civilians), the men of the ranks could be induced to attend and so could be influenced. A judicious paid secretary, at large posts, would be doubtless a great aid to the evangelizing of the army.

(Concluded next week.)

CHURCH VENTILATION.

DEAR PACIFIC: One week ago today I attended the Congregational church, but the unventilated room made the air so intolerably foul that I was compelled to seek the open air immediately at close of the sermon to be revived, nor waited for the benediction. I could not blame the score or more of happy, bright-faced children sitting on the front steps waiting patiently in the warm sun and pure air. I could but think how much better for them than sitting in that ill-ventilated church room (with not a door or window open), respiring the deadly, stupifying rebreathed air exhausted of its oxygen. Happy children, we almost envy them their blessed privilege. What preacher can arouse a dull, sleepy congregation stupified with the deadly carbon dioxide? Confined air that has been breathed and rebreathed soon becomes like stagnant water, full of poison deadly to all animal life. Its virulence when breathed over and over again, and again, have been demonstrated by many fatal examples, of which the following are a few.

In 1750 forty persons perished

from putrid fever, caused by breathing the foul air that issued from the prisoners' dock of Old Bailey prison. Of this number, four were judges; the rest, officers, lawyers and jurymen. The victims "sat in the best ventilated part of the room," right in the current of the foul air as it was making its exit from the room. In the year 1756 the half-civilized nabob of Calcutta confined for one night one hundred and forty-six persons in a cell known as the "Black hole of Calcutta," eighteen feet long, by fourteen feet wide, with two small windows. The following morning one hundred corpses were taken out, and twenty-three beings who were scarcely alive.

In 1848, two hundred deck-passengers of the steamship *Londonderry*, from Liverpool to America, were ordered below by the captain on account of storms, into a hold eighteen by eleven feet wide. When the hatches were opened in the morning, there were seventy-two corpses. The deaths in all these cases were caused by breathing a rebreathed air, with its accumulation of carbolic acid gas and other poisons exhaled from the lungs and skin. Frequently persons have to be carried from our ill-ventilated churches in a dead faint, from the same cause.

Four years ago last Thanksgiving a lady attended "union services" in a crowded church in Santa Rosa; though not remarkably strong, but able to walk to church, was carried out of church and to her home soon to die from the same cause. And numerous instances of a similar character, both of preachers and auditors, have come under the knowledge of the writer, and yet how little attention is given to the subject either from the pulpit, pew or church officers, even in this "glorious climate." I am certain the subject receives far less attention than back in the East.

Eight years ago, on my first arrival in California, I visited a friend and sister Congregationalist, and on my inquiring of her how she liked California compared with our former home in Knoxville, Tenn., she replied: "I like California best if I can be out doors, and Tennessee best if I have to stay in the house. I liked the warm, cheerful fires and well-ventilated rooms of our homes and churches in the East. So many houses in California are cold and cheerless in winter." I thought it was only too true of many of our churches. Is there any reason why the churches cannot be made warm, well ventilated and comfortable in California as well as the East, so that the children will want to come in and hear the sermon instead of holding a conversation on the front steps and in the vestibule? Preach more ventilation and less sanctification. E. B.

Two men with the dirt of the shops upon them entered a Philadelphia institutional church, were kindly greeted, had a bath, a lunch, good reading, were rested and revived. One said in a whisper to the other: "Mike, don't it bate the devil?" "Whist!" said his friend, "that was the intention." About the most delicate tribute to "modern methods" we ever remember to have seen.

Continual application will accomplish for a man what nothing else can. Those who are never content without the consciousness that they are growing every day will truly make a success of life.

REST OR EXCITEMENT?

BY MRS. FRANCES.

Perhaps few readers are conscious of any motive but recreation, or an Athenian desire for something new, as they eagerly seize the latest tempting-titled volume before them; but true it is that books have a restful or exciting effect, varying with the reader's mood or surroundings.

A monk in cloistered cell or a bachelor book-worm may control surroundings and circumstances; but how many others can ignore the distractions of buzzing insects, a flickering light or an uncomfortable seat? How many readers have the power not to hear the prattle of children, the talk of older ones, the whistling wind or the piano exercises? How many can read an author dispassionately, being willingly hypnotized for the nonce, reserving judgment: assuredly a duty as much as is the non-committalism of a sworn juror before the pleading of counsel and summing up of the judge on the bench.

How "select, though few," the audience who can so hold the precise thought and gist of an author that they can reproduce him faithfully! Ask anybody to give you a synopsis of "Marcella," for instance. Would you feel that you knew the book? This is a gift, but one to be acquired. A certain Professor in an Eastern college, distinguished for his oratorical powers and marvelous memory, had accustomed himself from early life to repeat to the first listener a good thing just acquired, thus making it his own indelibly, to be drawn upon *ad libitum*.

How many, nowadays, off the stage can read aloud well if they would, or would if they could, to soothe and comfort an invalid? We think it might be added to Wendell Phillips' list of "The Lost Arts." But apropos of our subject, are not all books, *per se*, restful or exciting? What of the vast avalanche of fiction (romance is too sweet a word) that now plethorizes the public libraries, threatening to eat out (like the locusts of Egypt) the well-being of the people and the "sound money" of good English literature.

Anything but restful is the theme of Dr. Nordau's book which has startled the thinking world. Its personal application need not distress many, for geniuses are rare. This book should be studied, if at all, in cool weather, clear west wind, bright sunshine, normal state of the digestive apparatus, among trees and flowers and running water, with home and friends around one, and love in the heart.

Pessimism is not a wholesome diet. So long as the pulse of this nineteenth century beats true to altruism as a governing force in social evolution, we "thank God and take courage."

Benjamin Kidd and Professor Drummond give us deep subjects for our thinking, and we find rest while sitting at the feet of a new Gamaliel with lofty ideals.

Under the willow oaks we open Sargent's "Life of the Poet Whittier." Not a jarring note in dear Mother Nature.

"Above the sky of boundless blue,
Below the green, green sod,
And oh, and oh, between the two,
Went the wonderful winds of God."

There is a "fitness of things" in the simple life of this country boy, his economics, his sacrifices, his developing tastes, his aspirations and disappointments. His ardent patriotism, through bitter civil strifes

of pen and sword, was never harsh or unforgiving, his struggle and submission to an invalid's life heroic, his love for kindred and devotion to friends ideal.

The rays of the declining sun and the ocean breeze play about the last pages of the book, which we close without one feeling of fatigue, for we have been in good and pure companionship. "God's peace be with thee," white-souled poet. We know that thou art in heavenly spheres, for "the pure in heart shall see God."

If one wants exhilarating excitement of the right sort, there is nothing finer than Professor Muir's "Mountains of California." With a masterly command of language this skillful word-painter handles his great theme so poetically, as well as scientifically, that his glowing colors form a new revelation of the wonders of the Sierras. It is a glorious book for any season or surroundings.

One need not be a geologist to enjoy it. Mr. Muir is a Solomon in his knowledge of flowers and trees, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop, while birds and squirrels become familiar friends to this open-hearted worshiper of nature, roaming winter after winter alone among the glaciers of the Sierras. "Going to the mountains is like going home," he says. How reverently he describes the "alpenglow" as one of "the most impressive of all the terrestrial manifestations of God. At the touch of his Divine light the mountains seemed to kindle to a rapt religious consciousness, and stood hushed and waiting, like devout worshipers." Who that has seen the alpenglow illuminating Mont Blanc can marvel at this rapture?

We like such adoration; and when he says of a desolate scene, "But the darkest Scriptures of the mountains are illumined with bright passages of love, that never fail to make themselves felt when alone."

How he revels in a new landscape: "The park valleys enclosed like temples lighted from above. Every rock seems to glow with life; their feet set in emerald meadows, their brows in the sky." He calls the Nevada the "Range of Light"; its scenery, "glacier monuments." How lovingly he talks of the snow-flower crusaders that builded them! We catch the enthusiasm as he tells of discoveries of "glacier lakes," "glacier meadows," and of the magnificent phenomenon made by starry snowflakes into snow banners, hung aloft on the peaks of that sublime high Sierra temple, the Yosemite!

If, as writes the poet, "An undevout astronomer is mad!" what can be thought of a geologist who can doubt, even among the rocks—"these elder Scriptures writ by God's own hand"?

The best example of self-denying liberality in the Bible is recorded of woman. The best example of loving service in the Bible is recorded of woman. The best example of conquering prayer in the Bible is recorded of woman. The gift was a widow's mite; the service was the anointing of Jesus with a box of ointment; the prayer was a mother's prayer for a daughter possessed with a devil. Jesus never let fall such words of royal commendation as concerning these three women. Of the poor widow he said: "She hath cast in more than they all." Of Mary he said: "She hath done what she could." And to the Canaanitish mother he said: "O woman, great is thy faith! Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."—Prof. Herrick Johnson.

ENGLISH NOTES.

Americans were much in evidence on a recent Sunday at the City Temple, to join with Dr. Parker and his people in commemorating the twenty-first anniversary of the settlement of the church at that place. For this, the oldest Congregational church in the city of London, has had a good many changes in location since its first minister, Dr. Goodwin, preached to Parliament before the time of the Civil War. After the opening musical and other exercises came some loving words by the Doctor, who even forgot for a time his text in what he styled the "exuberance" of his joy. "Why were there so many flowers, to-day?" he asked. "Because," he answered, "it was a red-letter day." For his own part he liked red-letter days, and had no belief in men who regarded all days as alike. It was right to be loving and grateful. "Gratitude repays itself seven fold for all it gives." Then, with a kindly reference to American friends, and a thump of the big Bible in front of him, which, he declared, was the gift of a great American preacher, he suddenly remembered his sermon and gave out his text—"I will set mine eyes upon them for good. * * * I will build them up and not pull them down; I will plant them and not pull them up." That prophecy, he began, had been for himself and his congregation already fulfilled; they had not to look forward, but to look back; their morrow could be oppressed by no fears. It was for them to trust and rejoice. Their self-denial in choosing a city instead of a suburban site had been repaid. God will build for us; and man, if he trusts in God, will find his way to heaven at the last. So it will always be if man does not meddle, does not insist in pulling up the plant by the roots to see if it is growing. That it is a lying spirit which tells a man he is cleverer than his fellows. "Nothing," added Dr. Parker, "is done by human ambition. All is done by God's providence."

There does not seem to be such risk now of the local veto bill being thrown out by Parliament. The Royal Albert Hall, the largest building in London available for public meetings, was crowded from floor to roof on Saturday night with enthusiastic supporters of Sir William Harcourt's measure. But ample as the space was, and fully as it was covered, it afforded room for a mere fraction of those who desired to attend. Canon Wilberforce mentioned that ninety thousand applicants who had made written requests for tickets had been unable to obtain admission. Sir Wilfred Lawson, in the eloquent and persuasive speech which he delivered from the chair, remarked, in the language not of flattery, but of truth, that they were that day celebrating the birthday of "the best sovereign who ever sat on the throne of Bri'ain." Alluding to the famous boast of Augustus that he found Rome brick, and left it marble, Sir Wilfrid remarked how much nobler would be the position of the Sovereign who freed the country from the curse of drunkenness. Upon her Majesty's opinion of any bill before Parliament, it would be alike impertinent and unconstitutional to speculate. But all loyal subjects of the Queen may be permitted to hope that the series of social reforms already carried out since she ascended the throne in her girlhood, fifty-eight years ago, has not yet reached its close, and that before she is gathered to her ancestors she may see a yet brighter time than

this. When the late Bishop of Peterborough said that he would rather see England free than England sober, the late Master of Balliol replied that to be sober was the way to be free. Lord Salisbury holds the singular and eccentric view that the control of licenses by the magistrates is freedom, and that the control of licenses by the community is servitude.

Dr. Newman Hall last week entered his eightieth year. His many friends will be glad to learn that his vigor continues unabated. On Sunday last he preached three times, in Wales, returning on Monday to speak at a great missionary meeting at Christ church, and on Tuesday morning attended the breakfast of the Religious Tract Society, without the least feeling of fatigue. This veteran worker has ever shared with Dr. Parker much of the sympathies of Americans, and was one of the few men among us (I am ashamed to say they were very few) who really understood the position of North and South when your great war broke out. With voice and pen he labored for freedom; and his efforts were rewarded at the close of the struggle by Americans subscribing solely for the erection of the noble "Lincoln Tower" of his old church in the Westminster Bridge road.

For some time past there have been charges of sweating and underpayment of work people brought against the Salvation Army by the Printing Trades Federation, a group of trades unions connected with the printing trades. The trouble seems to have arisen through the discharge of thirteen hands from the printing department of the Army in London. The charge of replacing the men with "underpaid Salvationists" seems hardly to be sustained, according to what the manager of the trading department of the Army has to say on the subject; but on Sunday afternoon the trades unionists held a demonstration on this subject in Trafalgar Square. One of the speakers said the Army was a great capitalist sweating concern, and as soon as the trading part of it was broken up the religious part would soon follow.

In exchange for Dr. Parkhurst, we shall send Dr. Fairbairn to America this summer. As there is this year no summer school at Mansfield College, Oxford, Dr. Fairbairn will devote his tireless energies to the summer school at Chautauqua, the *fons et origo* of this movement for summer studies. I have some doubts about summer schools, for life is hard and anxious enough eleven months out of the twelve, and one wants the twelfth for pure, unadulterated idleness. But if there is any one specially worth listening to when the thermometer is away up in the higher eighties, it is Dr. Fairbairn; for his keen intellect is almost as bracing as the winds which sweep across the heather-clad hills of his native Scotland.

No one will grudge Sir Walter Besant's new honor; however, views may vary as to his place in fiction. He is a writer of pure ideals and noble aims, and in more ways than one has helped to make life in London sweeter for the poor. The titled novelist was born in the same year as Sir Henry Irving, and is one of the most eager champions of author's rights.

Although the sale of livings is less glaringly carried out in the church of England now than in the past, still the meaning of either of the two

following advertisements from the *Rock* can readily be understood:

"EXCHANGE.—Excellent, compact county parish. Pop. 350. Income \$2,150. Punctually paid half-yearly. Model estate. No public house. Very healthy and bracing. Church and house in first-class order. School maintained by Squire."

Again: "PREFERMENT.—Clergy with capital from a few hundreds up to \$60,000, desirous of obtaining benefices (either with early or deferred possession), with house and good proportionate income; should state requirement, etc."

Mr. Gladstone, who is busy as ever, believes that a man can do better mental work every year to extreme old age if he takes care of his body. He claims that the mind grows stronger and clearer as the body loses vitality, and that only disease of the latter can prevent an intellectual progress that will go on to the end. We have many examples that go to prove the truth of Mr. Gladstone's views. No Christian worker ought ever to rust out.

LONDON, May 29th. T. BOWICK.

PLAN, PLAN, PLAN.

Every successful worker maps out carefully beforehand what he purposes to do. Chance, the possibilities of circumstances, the expectation that the genius of the moment will be sufficient, are not to be relied upon by the man looking for success. The cool brain, the determinate purpose, the intelligent planning are essential in the field of triumph. Minutely prepared outlines of work are necessary in the pastor's career as well as in that of the politician, merchant or professor. Haphazardness is destructive. Inspiration of the hour is courted too much. The best work is accomplished when weeks of earnest preparation have been spent. No man is safe in life's great fight who proceeds upon the dangerous method of shiftlessness, letting problems come to the front without previous calculation and shaping of a plan of procedure how to meet, deal with and solve such problems. Dr. Parkhurst of New York, in a sermon preached years ago, said the following: "As I look through Scripture I discover that the men who did the best work and the most of it, first wrought out in thought what they were afterward going to work out in act and word. * * * Men do better things and work at a higher level when they coolly determine what they are going to do than when they let daily circumstances determine for them piece-meal. It is safer to work by calculation than by caprice, and if it is not one it will be the other. * * * Plan intensifies. Assurance of a purpose makes our work solid and consecutive. Plan concentrates energies as a burning glass does sunbeams. Shiftlessness is only another name for aimlessness. Purpose directs energy, and purpose makes energy. When we see the target we stretch the bow. Light in the eye is tension in the arm. We can because we think we can. Power is with a good deal of accuracy measured by purpose. A man may draw inspiration from the grandeur of his aims, as a firefly shapes its flight by night."—[Baltimore Methodist.]

Anything which makes religion its second object, makes religion no object. God will put up with a great many things in the human heart, but there is one thing he will not put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place, offers him no place.—[John Ruskin.]

My Wonder (Rev. xv:2).

I wonder if heaven will be like June—
This jewel of the year;
When nature's melodies are all in tune
And the queen rose is here?

I wonder if gates of pearl can be
More fair than the tossing clouds
That, when the sun sinks into the sea,
Stand by his gate in crowds?

I wonder if we can never think,
When fronting the silver sea,
The moon just sliding over the brink,
What the glass sea may be?

I wonder if we shall ever win
"The victory over the beast";
The animal nature subdued within,
Spirit and faith increased?

I wonder if it will come to pass,
When all life's path is trod,
That we may "stand on the sea of glass,
Having the harps of God"?
BELLE W. COOKE.
SEATTLE, Wash., June 5th.

OUR DUTY AND PRIVILEGE.

BY REV. DR. J. C. HOLBROOK.

It is a most lamentable fact that just at this juncture when God, in his providence, is beckoning his people forward in this work by opening up so many doors of access to the unevangelized, and so abundantly blessing the labors of our missionaries, there should be a falling off in pecuniary resources for carrying on the work. But is it not possible that this crisis in our missionary operations may be the means of arousing those who have hitherto been negligent of their duty to sustain the Board, to a sense of their obligation and privilege to contribute to its funds, and also of deepening the interest of those who have this work at heart. If it shall prove to be so, then, indeed, this temporary trial of Christian faith may be a blessing in disguise.

It may not be worth while just now to occupy ourselves in tracing out the causes of the falling off in interest in the missionary work and in contributions for its prosecution, rather than in devising means for the relief of the Board from its embarrassment, but I cannot refrain from expressing my belief that there has been an unfortunate tendency for some time past to concentrate the attention of Christians on the more secular aspects of church work and on socialistic problems, rather than on the fundamental point of regenerating the world by the regeneration of individuals through bringing them under the power of Christ's gospel. This is the great panacea for all the evils of society. Paul said he was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, not because it was adapted to benefit men socially, but because it is "the power of God unto salvation," by convicting them of sin, presenting them a Saviour, and reforming their lives. Men must be converted, made new creatures in Christ Jesus, before we can have a true social state. So our missionaries understand, and hence they labor, not first attempt to civilize the heathen and improve their social state, and then to convert them, but rather to convert them, and thus to purify and elevate them socially.

Our churches need to realize more fully than they do that the unevangelized are lost and undone and must be saved by the gospel, and that Christ has laid the responsibility of giving the gospel to every creature upon his disciples, and that no one is excusable for doing nothing to accomplish that end. He commended the poor widow who contributed only two mites because she did what she could.

There is money enough in the

hands of Christians of our denomination not only at once to relieve our Board from its present pecuniary embarrassment, but to enable it to extend its work. All that is needed is that every member of every church should contribute something, according to his ability, and there would cease at once to be any want of funds. It seems to me, therefore, that measures should be taken to secure that end, and that no pastor should rest until he can report such a contribution from his church, and that no church should be content until that end is accomplished.

There are now nearly six hundred thousand members in the Congregational churches of our land. An annual contribution of \$1 per member, then, or eight cents each per month, would produce \$600,000, or considerably more than the average amount received into the treasury from individuals and churches, exclusive of legacies. The average has not heretofore exceeded seventy-five cents per member, or about six cents per month!

And now to meet the existing debt of the Board. An average of 25 cents extra contributed by each member would accomplish the object at once. Fifty cents each would liquidate not only the debt of the Board, but also that of our Congregational Home Missionary Society; and 75 cents each would meet that of all three of our missionary societies—the American Board, Home Missionary Society, and American Missionary Association. Six cents a month given for a year, would create a jubilee on earth and in heaven.

Now, is this not easily practicable? Ought it not to be done? It is a shame and disgrace for so rich a denomination as ours to allow our great societies to be embarrassed as they are; it is a sin; it is a breach of trust to Christ; it is unkind to the officers of these societies; it is a violation of contract with missionaries in the field; it is inexcusable. Our churches ought at once to rise up and wipe out the disgrace; and give them a chance, and it will be done.

SOQUEL.

Children's day was observed in the Soquel church last Sunday. The church was tastefully decorated. "The Call to the Children" was used, interspersed with other appropriate songs and recitations, and a cornet duet by two little boys. The program was well rendered.

Rev. A. B. Snider exchanged pulpits with Rev. W. H. Cross of Saratoga one week ago last Sunday. We are always glad to hear Mr. Cross.

We have had the pleasure of witnessing the third ordination service in our church on June 11th, when Rev. A. B. Snider, who began his pastorate with us in April last, was ordained by Council. The program, after the examination, was as follows: Scripture reading by Rev. C. V. Martin (Scribe), San Juan; sermon by Rev. J. G. Taylor, Santa Cruz; ordaining prayer by Rev. W. H. Cross, Saratoga; charge to the pastor, Rev. L. D. Rathbone, Redwood; right hand of fellowship, Rev. W. H. Cross; address to the church, Rev. H. M. Tenny (Moderator), San Jose.

Thursday, to-morrow afternoon, the ladies of the church will spend the afternoon with Rev. and Mrs. Snider at the parsonage, when a pleasant social afternoon is expected. The ladies will furnish refreshments.

June 22d.

FROM OREGON.

COMMENCEMENT AT PACIFIC UNIVERSITY.

The past week has been the culmination of the most successful year in the history of Pacific University. Not only that, but it distinctly marks the beginning of a new epoch in its work, as the prophecy of two years ago expressed in breaking ground for the foundation of a new college building is now fulfilled in Marsh Memorial Hall, a stately and enduring structure of stone and brick, comprehensive and well adapted to its use in plan, and elegant in design and workmanship—a building of which not only Forest Grove, but the entire State, may well be proud.

The exercises of the week were held in the auditorium of the new college home, which will hold one thousand persons, and the room was thronged at every gathering. The first in order was the anniversary of the Musical Conservatory last Saturday evening, participated in by fifteen young ladies, all showing commendable proficiency so far as they had studied. At the conclusion, President McClelland was called to the platform, and in a brief address Mrs. E. H. Marsh, representing the Ladies' Working Society of the Congregational church, presented him with a beautiful sixteen-foot flag for the new building. This was a surprise to the President, but he gathered himself quickly and proposed three cheers for "Old Glory" and the Ladies' Society, which were most heartily given. The inspiration was contagious—the students gave the college yell, and the entire audience arose to their feet and sang "America," led by the choir.

On Sunday morning President McClelland delivered the baccalaureate sermon from Titus ii: 15, "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." His theme was "Character," and was an able and scholarly presentation of the subject, showing that this was the true mission of religion and all education. In the evening Rev. E. A. Paddock of Weiser, Idaho, a classmate of President McClelland, gave a sermon before the Christian Associations.

On Monday chapel exercises were held in the new building for the first time, and were conducted by Rev. Mr. Paddock. Chapel exercises were conducted in the old building for the last time the Saturday previous by Professor Joseph W. Marsh, whose long and useful connection with Pacific University made it specially fitting. In the new home the exercises were dedicatory in their nature, and in addition to being participated in by a number of the resident ministers, very impressive and timely remarks were made by Hon. Alanson Hinman, the oldest survivor of the Board of Trustees.

Monday evening the address before the literary societies was given by Rev. T. L. Eliot, D.D., of this city. His subject was "Old Books," and a strong plea was made in a most happy and eloquent vein for the old and time-tried in literature.

On Tuesday the academy exercises were held, twenty-one students—the largest of any year in its history—finishing their course, all signifying their determination to go on through college. The class of '99 has good reason to be proud of its numbers and of the uniform excellence of its work.

Wednesday—Commencement Day—was the focal point of the week. The exercises were of a high order, and reflected great credit upon the ability and thoroughness of the faculty as well as upon the mental gifts and capacity of the young people who were the central figures upon this auspicious occasion. The program was as follows:

Organ prelude; invocation; quartet, "Sparrows' Twitter" (Otto), Misses Parker, Traver, Jones and Mrs. Lloyd.

Junior parts—Oration, "Hawaii," John Wilson Macrum; oration, "The Development of Astronomy," Ruel Martin Bisbee; oration, "Types of Citizenship," Philip Edward Bauer; vocal solo, "The Flower May Hide Its Lovely Face" (Osgood), Miss Gladys M. Jones.

Senior parts—Oration, "Design in History," William Sidney Shiach; essay, "Truth in Mythology," Miss Florence McKercher; piano solo, "Spinnlied" (Litolf), Miss Stevens; conferring of degrees by President McClelland; benediction by the Rev. T. L. Eliot, D.D., Portland.

During the hour and a half nearly one thousand persons were present, different parts of the State being represented, and the closest attention was given to the well-considered and exceedingly well-delivered utterances of each one taking part.

At this point President McClelland made a brief report of the college work. The dream of eighteen months ago was now realized. The building was not the college, however. That was in the faculty, and the work accomplished. Good work had been done, and the attendance larger than hitherto in its history. In revising the courses many had been put back a year, thus accounting for the small number of graduates this year. The academy class just finished could be admitted to Amherst College, and any work done would be credited there, such an arrangement having been perfected with President Gates. This shows the value of the revision of the courses of study. The Pearsons fund was not yet secured, but no effort would be omitted to secure it. The trustees have arranged to get \$10,000 on an old bequest, and the money is now ready for use. This, doubtless, will apply on the Pearsons fund.

At 1:30, the corporation dinner, served in the old academy building, was enthusiastically disposed of, and was a fitting prelude to the brief but effective and stirring speeches that followed, made by the Rev. E. A. Paddock, Weiser, Idaho; Charles L. Fay, Rev. Dr. Eliot, Napoleon Davis, Dr. George R. Wallace, Portland; Mrs. D. C. Latourette, Oregon City, who made a most graceful and touching allusion to Dr. Marsh; Mrs. O. A. Thomas, Forest Grove, an early graduate of Mary Lyon's school at Mount Holyoke, who contrasted the present with the past conditions, and referred to the proposed gift of \$50,000 by Dr. Pearsons to Mt. Holyoke. Hon. W. R. Ellis, member of Congress, being present, was called upon for the closing remarks, and he responded most eloquently, his stirring and patriotic words in advocating good education as a necessity for the best citizenship meeting hearty and prolonged applause.

A 4 o'clock an informal reception was held at the ladies' hall by President and Mrs. McClelland. The large numbers who called and paid their respects was significant of the love and universal esteem in which the worthy President and his estimable wife are held in this community.

At 8 o'clock the commencement concert was given by the Forest Grove Choral Union, composed of twenty-two persons, thirteen ladies and nine gentlemen, with Mrs. Thos. McClelland, director, and Miss Clara W. Cooley, pianist. As in all the previous exercises of this full and intensely interesting day, this entertainment bore convincing testimony to the fact that in the department of music, both vocal and instrumental, the instruction was of an exceptionally high order. Conscientious and painstaking effort on the part of both teachers and pupils were everywhere evident. A highly pleasing feature of the concert was the work of Mr. Edgar E. Coursen, the gifted and popular violinist of this city, who rendered three charming solos. All being most enthusiastically encored, he cheerfully responded with his accustomed grace, much to the delight of the large audience present. As good as all the seven chorus numbers were, the solo, "Creole Lover's Song," by Miss Gladys M. Jones, with her rich and powerful contralto voice at its best, was certainly the gem of the evening.

Universal as was the happiness and joy of the faculty, students, patrons and of other friends in attendance, amidst it all, especially among the middle-aged and elderly persons, there was an undercurrent of sadness as memories of "Grandma" Brown, Rev. Harvey Clarke, Drs. Atkinson, Marsh, Eells, Rev. Horace Lyman, Rev. E. Walker and many others among the early supporters and friends of the institution were called up. It was realized as never before what a priceless heritage had been left by those who had borne these revered names; and with one accord, the heartfelt but silent expression from every heart, as the full meaning of this entrance upon a new epoch in its history, came to be realized was, "God bless Pacific University."

June 13, 14, 15 and 16 were spent by Supt. R. A. Rowley in the vicinity of Corvallis. On Saturday he organized a Sunday-school of thirty-five members in the Orleans district, Linn county, two and a-half miles east of Corvallis, and in the afternoon he preached to a congregation of one hundred and forty at the same place. On Sunday morning he organized a Sunday-school of sixty members at Mountain View, four and a-half miles north of Corvallis, and in the evening preached at the Corvallis church for Rev. J. H. Zercher. On the Friday previous he delivered an address at the invitation of President J. M. Bloss, before the students of the State Agricultural College.

Since October of last year Superintendent Rowley has organized thirty-one Sunday-schools with an aggregate membership of 1,200 pupils, and re-organized ten schools with an average of thirty pupils each. With all this he has found time to assist in a number of revival services and to conquer a bicycle, which materially assists him in reaching remote points. GEO. H. HIMES.

PORTLAND, June 23.

WHO ARE THEY?

District Associations or Conferences are entitled to representation in the National Council to meet in Syracuse next October, a delegate for each ten churches or major fraction of ten. Names of delegates should be made known as early as possible, that they may be forwarded to Dr. Hazen, Secretary of National Council.

H. E. JEWETT,
Statistical Secretary.

ACORNS FROM OAKLAND.

DEAR PACIFIC: A man who writes on his knee on the steamers and on a book in the joggling cars has need to be patient and pleasant when the geni in the office fail to correct his bad spelling. In the goodness of their hearts they will be glad to have me tell, dear readers, that I am not wholly responsible that "acorns" were in a mess last week. If you will put in an oak leaf at the end of the plea for Brother McDougall, and another after the text and short sermon preached at San Mateo, and yet another between the sermon and the little line about "combinations," your helter-skelter correspondent will not seem quite so ridiculous.

A SHARK STORY.

This single acorn will, I think, scale out into a shark seven feet four inches long. The truth is, so many fish-poles starting off in parsons' hands for the upper Sacramento have set me thinking about fishing, and if my turn is yet to stay home, I can spin a true yarn—tell a true fish story. In that dear old Northfield, Minnesota, parish, the prairie friends used to look dubiously at the dear old class leader, Father Wormwood and myself as we told the stories of the sea. The idea of fish that could bite a man's leg clean off seemed—fishy. So I said to some good-natured banterers that I would some day bring home a shark's head from Long Island Sound, and put it in the college cabinet. It took me about ten years to pay my vow. Such summers as I could get down to Greenport I found the fishing party preferred blue fish and porgies. Yachtmen did not seem to believe I really wanted a shark. Sharks were scarce and dangerous. If I were to write out one true story I know, of the rescue of a returned soldier from the jaws of a Long Island Sound shark, Brother Kimball would be accused of printing fish stories so exaggerated as to be impossible to be true. I saw great sharks piled on trainloads of menhaden to be shipped away for fertilizers, but I had not caught them, and I always disdained to buy game to take home. The years slipped by and my pledge, perhaps, was forgotten by all but myself. On a Sunday night in the Presbyterian church of Greenport I was so happy as to preach a sermon which pleased Captain Davis. He was a rare sailor and fisherman. Learning of my genuine desire to capture a shark, he said he could take me to genuine shark ground. His kindly son sat up religiously until twelve o'clock to keep the Sabbath, and then went out to spear eels for bait. My father—bless the memory of as brave and sweet a saint as ever taught a boy to love clean sport and avoid vile pleasures—had prepared three great shark hooks and guard chains as thick as a common poker. By daylight we were off for Plum Gut, a narrow pass where the waters of the Sound connect with great Peconic Bay, not far from Montauk Point, the easterly end of Long Island.

We soon saw the fins of great sharks about us. My hopeful father and less hopeful brother began to think the Minnesota boy would carry home his fish. Three of us tugged at the great line which was jerked through our hands by a monstrous fish, which carried bait and hook and broken line beyond our sight. After long waiting, the jerking of another fastened line told us some great fish was hooked. It took the strength of three to get him to

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the surface, but when his tail touched the boat he pushed off and straightened out that hook as easily as Joseph Cook straightened out the question of the "merognostic" at the Club last Monday. Our hopes fell as the day wore on, and but one hook remained. We did not wait in vain. In the middle of the afternoon our predestined victim took hold, and held on. So did we. Getting his long nose over the green wall, a blow stunned him, and hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! we had where-with to show the Northfield skeptics that sharks were a fish to be avoided by swimmers. Captain Davis said he would have driven us out of the boat had we not stunned him. How glad we were to hoist sail and make for home!

Of course the fish which got away were larger than this one, and we saw others larger, but this fellow measured just seven feet and four inches. Though as dead as we could kill him, every tacking of our yacht which ran the hilyards under him made him pound the deck with his tail until our little craft quivered. How proud we were to show our take to wives and cousins and friends! The hotels poured out their visitors to see the "biggest fish of the season." Cutting off its head as night came on, I left it moored until morning, when I found, as I hoped, that the swarming minnows had dissected and cleaned it to the very bone. It was pleasant to bring the gaping head and triple row of sharp and curving teeth to the cabinet of Carleton College. There you will find it yet, unless the fire in Willis Hall destroyed it. And now I am paid for spinning my little summer yarn, if it shall stir up Mr. S. T. Alexander or Rev. Walter Frear to tell THE PACIFIC some of their stories of the monstrous sharks at the Sandwich Islands. And let me whisper to some good brother up North that I would like to put up one fine elk head in the office of our Seminary. I am not a butcher. I have left buffalo bulls looking at me, quiet as oxen, because my desire was satisfied. I have cracked my rifle to scare a mountain sheep I did not care to kill for a well-supplied camp. But I would, just once, before I am called to the happy hunting-grounds, like to save one grand old elk from being devoured by the waiting wolves. I'll swap the best sermon I've got for your piloting. EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

Petaluma improves as the years go by. The writer first visited the place in 1860 and preached for a month in the church, which is still standing. It would seem in keeping with the place and the many fine private residences to build a handsome new church. Probably this will be done when times improve. The location is a good one. There is much wealth in the church and congregation. The new pastor, Rev. E. D. Bostwick, evidently has the respect and confidence of all. A trip up there last week largely increased THE PACIFIC's list and pleasantly renewed old acquaintances. Petaluma is a restful place, and a tired one wanted to stay longer and do less. K.

OBITUARY.

Jacob Henry Aburton Weir, aged seventeen years and ten months, fell on sleep at his parents' home in Palermo, Cal., on Sunday morning, May 26th, after a brief illness of but a few days.

He was a young man of sterling character, reticent in conduct, court-ing retirement rather than publicity, yet one whose worth all admired, and whose principles all associates could safely emulate. He was mother's boy, whom he always obeyed, whose counsels he always sought, and whose will he cherished as a law of love.

A voluminous reader for his years, who devoured with avidity items of news and books along his chosen lines; and, when death claimed him, was within a few months of graduation with view to a profession.

Best of all, he was a Christian of that quiet, but earnest, type, and was seldom absent from the services of his church, being associated in membership with the First Congregational church at his home. His faith in Christ triumphed in his death, for, when "acute enteritis" was closing its work, he said: "I am not afraid to die"; and, "I know one who will be glad to see me"; and, shortly, his spirit went to be with Jesus.

Suitable memorial services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. J. B. Ives, with the deceased's uncle, Rev. S. T. Nunn, preaching the sermon, after which his remains were laid to rest in Oroville cemetery by his four uncles. His parents and two younger sisters, with many relations, mourn their loss, but rejoice in his gain.

COM.

Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, D.D., and family of Tung Cho, China, missionaries of the American Board, arrived this week on the *Coptic*, and have departed for the East. Dr. Goodrich is the President of North China College.

The *Hiram Bingham*, Rev. A. C. Walkup captain, had a prosperous voyage of seventeen days and a half to Honolulu. Boat and engine were in good condition. The captain was to sail for Butaritari on Monday, the 17th.

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If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer thee.
Make my mortal-dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven be acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my nature's habitude.

—J. G. Whittier.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AT SEVENTY-FIVE.

BY FITZ ROY GARDNER

There are very few instances on record of a great public woman, and particularly a great heroine, having throughout lived up to her reputation. It too often happens in these days, when notoriety is easily obtained, and when the public is so ready to worship the celebrity of the moment, that a public woman fails to keep pace with public opinion, and to maintain her position in public esteem through half a century of years. If she has done some great work—and there are very many women of world-wide celebrity whose work has not been great—she is apt to be forgotten in the steady march of time and the progress of thought and life. Whatever her merits may have been some years ago, to-day she is left behind and forgotten, as old-fashioned, and as representing obsolete ideas. Then, again, one can point to women who have not, so to speak, been strong enough to stand against the lurid light of public criticism; they have failed, sooner or later, in some book, or work of art, or they have shown by some public act want of character and staying power, and by their failure have lost the confidence and sympathy of those who idolized them when first they came to public notice.

A great exception is Florence Nightingale. On the fifteenth day of this month she celebrates her seventy-fifth birthday—as great a woman, and as great a public benefactor, and as much of a heroine as she was forty years ago, when she went forth from her comfortable home in England, not as a mere nurse, to attend to the wants of the wounded and dying British soldiers in the Crimea, but as a fearless organizer of a great field-hospital system, which the British War Office authorities, staff officers and generals had looked upon as a mere matter of after-thought in the preliminary arrangements of one of the most difficult campaigns in the history of the civilized world. No one had thought of the physical sufferings which would have to be undergone by the brave soldiers who were sent out with the prospect of a long winter campaign before them, without any adequate hospital arrangements having been made. When the great mistake was realized, it was a woman who came forward to rectify the terrible blunder; and it may easily be imagined that obstacles were thrown in her way by those whose carelessness and heartlessness it was her mission to involuntarily expose. But even in those days, when news traveled slowly, and when newspapers merely recorded bare facts of news, with but little comment, public opinion was soon aroused, and when Miss Florence Nightingale arrived at the Crimea with her band of nurses she had the whole British people at her back. Miss Nightingale undertook her work

without thought of remuneration, and she was happily in a position which enabled her to do so; her father, Mr. William E. Nightingale, was a Hampshire land-owner of good means. She was born in Florence, whence she took her Christian name, but her early childhood was spent at the Manor House at Leamington, amid some of the most beautiful scenery of southern England.

Miss Nightingale started for the Crimea not as a mere enthusiastic novice, but thoroughly trained for the work she had undertaken. Before she was thirty years of age she had devoted much study to the working of English schools, hospitals and reformatories, and when she was thirty-one she entered an institution of Protestant Sisters of Mercy at Kaiserwerth in Germany—an institution which at that time was considered an excellent training-school for nurses. It is a curious fact that at the present day the great Berlin nursing institutions are modeled on English lines. On her return from Germany, Miss Nightingale devoted herself to the re-organization of the Governesses' Sanatorium in London, and it was while working there that she was chosen to re-organize, or rather, organize, the hospital system of the British Army in the Crimea.

The story is now as well known in America as in England, of how the panic-stricken War Office in London, finding itself exposed to the ridicule of foreign countries and to severe criticism in England, and face to face with more than possible disaster, appealed to a young woman in its distress, and commissioned Florence Nightingale to proceed with an almost free hand to the scene of war, and take charge of the nursing-staff and machinery, such as it was, at Scutari, the base of operations. But few are aware that there is a pretty romance attached to Miss Nightingale's journey to the Crimea. It was generally known among her friends at the time that she had bestowed her affections on a young officer in one of the first regiments to proceed to the seat of war. Although it was equally well known among the same friends that in any case Miss Nightingale would not have hesitated for a moment to accept the responsibilities offered to her, there was no doubt that the labor of love was not only one of love of humanity and doing good, but was, also, to some extent inspired by a desire to be near one whom she loved as a man, more than as one of mankind.

More than one generation of English girls have reveled in the story of Miss Nightingale's work at Scutari; have heard and reheard of how the sick and wounded would pray for her as she walked through the line of cots each night, lamp in hand, and how, within the space of a fortnight, four thousand patients wounded or sick were placed under her charge. One of the private soldiers whom she nursed said of her, "She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more; but she did not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell on the wall at night, and lay our heads on our pillows again, content." They have heard, too, and cannot hear often enough, the story of the dinner given to the officers of the British Army and Navy on their return from the East, and how when Lord Stratford suggested that every guest should write on a piece of paper the name of the person whose deeds in the Crimean War would engrave themselves most indelibly in the his-

tory of the British people, and when the papers were examined every one had written the name of Florence Nightingale.

Never has a victorious army received such a welcome on its return home as did the Nurse-in-Chief of the British forces in the Crimea; and of all who welcomed her by word or in spirit there was none whose welcome was more sincere than that of her Queen. The beautiful jeweled ornament which Her Majesty presented to Florence Nightingale as a decoration was a symbol of the gratitude shown by a queen to a subject. The design is said to have been from the pencil of the late Prince Consort. The decoration is oval in form, the ground of pure white enamel, on which in diamonds are the letters "V. R." and the royal crown. The latter is inclosed by an oval band of black enamel (black being an emblem of good counsel), on which is inscribed in gold "Blessed are the merciful." On each side rise branches of palm in green and gold enamel, denoting the peaceful occupation and triumphant result. The color green also implies eternal friendship. The label bearing the word "Crimea" is in azure blue, and the whole is surmounted by three brilliant diamond stars, the celestial signification of which is obvious. But perhaps the good taste and beauty of this jewel are eclipsed by the noble expression of the feeling of Her Majesty in the inscription borne on the reverse: "To Florence Nightingale, as a mark of esteem and gratitude for her devotion toward the Queen's brave soldiers. From Victoria R., 1855."

It was characteristic of the unselfish, gentle woman, that by her special request the sum of fifty thousand pounds, subscribed as a national testimonial to Florence Nightingale, was devoted to establishing the Nightingale Home in London, which is the head center of the nursing profession in England.

From the severe strain which she underwent in the Crimea she has never recovered, but in spite of having been physically an invalid since her return she has done as much with her mind and her pen for the nurses and hospitals of her country as she did with her hands for the soldiers she loved in the Scutari huts. And it is interesting to note that her work has been as much in the direction of the prevention of the disease as in that of nursing the sick. This was exemplified in a letter which she recently addressed to village mothers. She advised them to see that their boys and girls grew up "healthy, with clean minds and clean skins." "After all," she wrote, "it is health and not sickness which is our natural state. There are more people to pick us up when we fall than to enable us to stand on our feet." And the introduction to that letter was as follows: "Dear Hard-working Friends—I am a hard-working woman too. May I speak to you?" So characteristic!

Questions relating to the prevention of disease in villages, and not only in English, but in Indian villages, have occupied much of her attention. The wide area which Miss Nightingale's researches and teachings have covered is well exemplified by the subjects of some of her works. In 1863, eight years after the Crimean war, she wrote a paper entitled "How People May Live and not Die in India," and later on we find her taking up the subject of "Maternity Hospitals." She has also written "Notes on Matters Affecting the Army," "Notes on Nursing—What It

Is and What It Is Not," "Sanitary Statistics of Native Colonial Schools and Hospitals," and "A Letter on the Madras Famine." So recently as last October she contributed to the London *Humanitarian* an article on "Village Sanitation in India," in which she showed that after forty years of hard work she had lost none of that regard for accuracy of detail and that liberal-mindedness and enthusiasm which characterized her in the earliest stages of her campaign against disease and death.

Miss Nightingale loathes anything in the form of publicity. To journalists she never opens her mouth, nor even her door; but to any one who seeks advice on a question affecting the interests of the sick, or those who nurse them, a hearty welcome and a word of encouragement and counsel are always cheerfully accorded. She has a very comfortable home on one of the best streets in the West End of London, but spends most of the year at Claydon House, in Buckinghamshire, the home of her sister, Lady Verney.

She is a tall woman, rather stout, with gray hair, and fine, open face. Although a great sufferer, she does not show a trace of it. She has not known what it is to be without pain for many years. Her features are finely modeled, while her hands and feet are very small. Her voice is low and musical. She often reads aloud, and sometimes she hums a song or a hymn. She is very devout, and an omnivorous reader. Her room is littered with newspapers, magazines, writing-paper, pencils and letters. She is always cheerful.

Miss Florence Nightingale has not only done grand service to the human race by her labors on behalf of the sick and wounded, and of sanitation, but she has also served her sex probably more than any woman of the past or present. In her life we have an object lesson which should be taken to heart by all womankind.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Let the old life be covered by the new;
The old past, so full of sad mistakes,
Let it be wholly hidden from the view
By deeds as white and silent as snow-flakes.
Ere the earth life melt in the eternal spring,
Let the white mantle of repentance fling
Soft drapery about it, fold on fold,
Even as the new snow covers up the old.
—Louise Chandler Moulton.

There are men who make the like use of a home that a pig makes of his pen—a place to eat, to sleep, to grunt.—[Beecher.]

In getting out of the ruts some people get out of the road—clear off the track.—[Rev. S. M. Snook.]

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair.

•DR•
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER

Most Perfect Made.
40 Years the Standard.

Young Folks.

"The Girls That are Wanted."

- "The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good from the heart to the lips,
Pure as the lily is white and pure
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips.
The girls that are wanted are home
girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand;
That father and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.
- "Girls that are fair on the hearth-stone
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to her own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.
The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and say;
That drive with a smile and soft word
The wrath of the household away.
- "The girls that are wanted are girls of
sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.
The girls that are wanted are careful
girls,
Who count what a thing will cost;
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.
- "The girls that are wanted are girls with
hearts;
They are wanted for mothers and
wives;
Wanted to cradle in loving arms
The strongest and frailest lives.
The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl
There are few who can understand;
But oh, for the wise, loving home girls,
There's constant and steady demand."

HAVE YOU?

Have you a wide-awake Music Committee? Is it made up of those who realize that their work is a religious one, and has to do with one of the most important parts of the worship? Have you a committee that confers each week with the leader, and selects songs that are sweet, sensible and suitable to the topic, and that never closes its work without a prayer that God will make the music a blessing to all that hear and help?

Do the members arrange for occasional special solos—not performances—by Christians who are prayerful as well as praiseful?

Do they take pains to see that the organist and chorister understand that they are to be in their places at the very minute for beginning?

Does some member of the committee sometimes read a stanza from some hymn to be sung, and ask every one to consider the words while he sings it?

Have you a committee that has too much sense to select flippant jingles for the devotional meeting, that keeps clear of funeral, lugubrious ones, that avoids those that embody doubtful theology, and that never makes up a program from songs that only a few are familiar with?

In short, is your committee a sort of consecrated choir, who are ready to use their voices "always only for their King"? Whose heartiness and devotion is contagious? Have you such a Music Committee? If you have not, you are missing great opportunities for usefulness.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

It is safer to believe too much than to believe nothing, just as it is wiser to be ten minutes ahead of train time than a minute too late.

In a Southern cotton-field as an aged slave was laboring, his owner chanced along, and, after a short conversation, remarked:

"They tell me you are religious, Pompey?"

"Yes, massa," responded Pompey, "I is, shore 'nuff."

"Do you believe the Bible?" asked the gentleman, who was an unbeliever.

"Yes, sah," said the black man, "I does."

"But how do you know it's truth?" said the master. Quick as a flash came the reply:

"It says so itse'f; 'sides, it tells me things I'se sho' is true, 'cause I knows how 'tis."

"Well, supposing it wasn't true, then what?"

"Well, if it is true, then I'se safe in de nex' worl'; if taint, I's a better man in dis."

Place it which way you will, the Christian's side is the safe side—safe in the next world, and a better man in this world by believing the Bible; while the infidel, if his doctrine is true, is worse off here, and worse off hereafter.—[Selected.

HANGING PICTURES.

By hanging pictures low you increase the apparent height of the room.

Colored pictures should not be hung in hallways or on staircases unless there is plenty of light for them. In such places strong photographs, engravings and drawings in black and white go best.

A picture should not be hung from one nail; the diagonal lines formed by the cord have a very discordant effect. Two nails and two vertical cords, or, what is far more safe, pieces of wire cordage should be used instead of the single cord.

Picture cords should be as near the color of the wall upon which they are put as possible, so that they may be but little seen. When one picture is hung beneath another the bottom one should be hung from the one above, and not from the top; we thus avoid multiplying the cords, which is always objectionable.

A good hue for walls where prints or photographs are to be hung is a rich yellow brown, or a leather color. Lustre to the black of the print or the tone of the photograph is thus imparted.

Not every one is as willing to confess his fault in the matter as was Carlyle, but doubtless many men suffer his measure of remorse from not having spoken affectionate and helpful words to his wife while living. Sometimes a quick-witted friend can open a man's eyes to his delinquencies in the expression of the tenderness toward the wife whom he really loves before it is too late. Not long ago a nurse was called into a home where the wife was a sufferer from a lingering and mortal disease. The husband, though heartbroken at the prospect of the loss in store for him, never bestowed the least caress upon her. Repression of all feeling was the law in that household, and had been for generations. This nurse, with a rare and beautiful tact, broke up the icy reserve by saying, for instance, "Now my patient is all ready for her good-night kiss," and managed in various ways to bring the two together on similar pretexts. During the week that followed the atmosphere of the home was entirely changed. The floods of true and tender feeling were broken up, and demonstrations of affection for the dying woman were not delayed until she had passed into the world where she would have no craving for them. Many an aching heart has echoed the wish in the pathetic little poem, "Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow."

—[The Congregationalist.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

1. The Prayer-meeting Committee.—The Prayer-meeting Committee will be all alive, especially in the case where a young or timid member leads the meeting, or a new one takes it for the first time. They will have so planned that it will be next to impossible for the meeting to be other than cheery and bright. They will fill up gaps. They will be found in as many parts of the meeting-room as possible—sitting beside the nervous and silent ones, and by their presence and words encouraging them to be faithful to their participation pledge.

2. The Leader.—Make a good start. If a mistake is made in giving out a hymn with an unfamiliar tune, either alter the tune or the hymn. Get off with a good swing, and into the right spirit. Arrange with a few warm-hearted ones to take up the lead in praying when the meeting is asked to pray. Don't follow any one's methods. Be yourself. Let your Spirit-filled individuality assert itself. Get to know the mind of the Spirit. Don't exhaust the subject in the opening remarks, lest you exhaust the members present. Leave tags for those who are to follow to catch hold of. "The prayer-meeting is the young people's opportunity." Be keen-eyed and open-eared to see and listen for the nervous ones, whose words can only just be caught, lest one not hearing these should commence to speak, and thus their voices be drowned and they become disheartened. Open the meeting promptly; close promptly. If the meeting should have naturally come to an end before the closing hour, end it.—[Golden Link.

An incident is related of a woman who was one day calling at a bridal home, pretty in its freshness and newness. As the guest rose to take leave, the young housekeeper stepped to the piazza with her, and, seeing some dust in the corners, and being anxious, no doubt, to vindicate herself from a charge of carelessness, exclaimed: "Oh, dear, how provoking servants are! I told Mary to sweep this piazza thoroughly, and now look at it!" The wise friend said kindly: "Grace, I am an old housekeeper. Let me give you a bit of advice. Never direct people's attention to defects. Unless you do so, they will rarely see them. Now, if I had been in your place and noticed the dust, I should have said: 'How blue the sky

is!' Then my callers would look at that as I spoke, and so get safely down the steps and out of sight."

A TALE OF A PARROT.

A man of New Bedford, whose niece had coaxed him to buy her a parrot succeeded in getting a bird that was warranted a good talker. He brought it home, and after putting it in a cage, stood before it and said: "Say uncle, Polly!" The bird did not respond, and after repeating the sentence a dozen times or more with no better success, the uncle put his hand into the cage and grabbed the bird by the neck, shook him until his head wobbled around, all the time yelling at him: "Say uncle, say uncle!" The bird looked limp and lifeless, and disgusted with his purchase the old fellow took the parrot out into the yard where he had a coop of thirty chickens. Thrusting the half dead bird in with the chickens he exclaimed "There, now! You'll say uncle before you get out!" Next morning the uncle went out to see how the parrot was getting on. Looking into the coop he counted twenty-nine dead chickens, and in the center of the coop stood the parrot on one foot, holding the thirtieth chicken by the neck, and shaking it till its head wobbled, and screaming, "Say uncle, say uncle!"

COOL AT THE TOP.

Artemus Ward once offered a stage-driver a drink of whiskey from his flask, which was refused in the most decided terms. Said the driver—"I don't drink. I won't drink. I don't like to see anybody else drink. I am of the opinion of those mountains—Keep your top cool! They've got snow and I've got brains—that's all the difference." There is a wealth of wisdom in the sententious remark—"Keep your top cool." The fountain of a man's power and happiness is in his brain. Alcohol, whether in ale, beer, cider or whisky, is the foe of the brain, and when it gets there either benumbs it or perverts its action. It inflames it and renders it unfit for the use of a human being.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasms. Let us ever glory in something and strive to retain our admiration for something that would ennoble and interest us in all that would enrich and beautify our lives. Phillips Brooks.

All Pain Goes When Pain-Killer Comes

For Colic, Cramps, Cholera Morbus and all Summer Complaints, there is no cure equal to **Pain-Killer**. Get a bottle to-day. Keep it constantly on hand, for there is no kind of pain or ache—internal or external—that

Pain-Killer

will not relieve. Accept no imitation or substitute. Genuine has PERRY DAVIS & SON on bottle. The quantity has been doubled, but the price is still 25c.

The Pacific.

\$2.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
No. 7 Montgomery Av., San Francisco

Wednesday, June 26, 1895.

We do not take long rides up and down the Coast or across the continent, but are frequently out on short trips; and we are surprised at the number of passengers, well dressed and good looking. The cars are full; and taking this as a criterion, the times are not hard.

Times are evidently improving in this country. It is said that the wages of not less than 250,000 people have been increased fully ten per cent within the last few weeks. This has been a voluntary increase on the part of employers—much of it in the iron works of Pennsylvania and the cotton and woolen mills in the East. It seems right that such action by employers should be recognized and honorably mentioned by working men. We hope it is being done. We have not seen it. It ought to make better feeling between different classes. Rich men are not all selfish. Give praise for their good acts. Be as ready to praise as to scold.

A large increase of the police force in this city is to be made immediately by order of the Board of Supervisors. It will number 550 men, with 6 captains, 5 lieutenants, 43 sergeants, 15 detectives and 12 corporals. The expense of the force per month has been over \$50,000; now it will be much greater. Does the great increase in population require this increase in the force? Not at all. The city, if growing at all, is growing very slowly; but crime is increasing very rapidly. And it is this increase that we are called upon by our city fathers to pay an additional number of police to hold in check. Far better is the prevention of crime. Shut up these vile saloons and gambling halls and we will need no more police, but can dismiss half we now have. That is the result everywhere. These saloons are expensive affairs every way. They are getting to be altogether unbearable.

Getting on a train at the depot of a quiet inland city the other day, I noticed the leave taking of two young men and women—brothers and sisters, I judged, or very near friends. They kissed and embraced, and there were tears in the eyes of the ladies, who were left behind. I rejoiced in this scene. It showed heart and love, and led to thoughts of earlier days and similar scenes. But soon after leaving the depot, I noticed the young men passing through to the smoking-car, and did not see them return. The sisters or loved ones went home to cry, or pray, it may be; while the young fellows smoked, and played cards, possibly, and killed out manly sentiment and noble, brotherly love. Thank God for pure love and sweet home ties, but a curse on many hardening habits in the great world of travel and business, which brutalize and debase and make men unworthy to be remembered.

It is hardly necessary to state what telegrams have so quickly carried all over the world, that there has been an important change in the British Government within the last few days. The leaders of the Liberal party, with Lord Rosebery at their head, have resigned, and the

Queen has accepted their resignations, and the Conservatives are now in charge, with the Marquis of Salisbury as Premier. Parliament is not dissolved, as is usual when such party changes come about, but is still in session, because some appropriations need at once to be made. But doubtless a new election will soon be ordered, which it is expected will be favorable to the Conservatives. Why this change has come about is fully as difficult to say as when such party changes come in our own land. A variety of reasons enter into the problem. As far as we hear, the change is quite agreeable to Englishmen living among us. The Liberal government was not up to expectations or the tone of Gladstone.

Telegrams from New York city report last Sunday as a very "dry day" in that city. It seems that Police Commissioner Roosevelt has determined that saloons shall be closed on the Sabbath, according to the law. The police were out in full force, watching every saloon as far as their numbers would admit, with orders to enforce the law strictly. If the great metropolis of the country can have such a law, and enforced, and the saloons closed on the Sabbath, why not San Francisco, and certainly why not the good city of Oakland? We can have these good things when all good people go for them unitedly, in dead earnest. So, if we are one whit behind New York, it is our own fault. Rise, Parkhursts and Roosevelts, and come to the front. But now, San Franciscans, contrast Commissioner Roosevelt and Commissioner "Mose Gunst," the "sport," to say the least, and hide your faces in shame—shame! that a Republican Governor appointed him, and that he still holds the office, though our present Democratic Governor has done his best to oust him.

COUNCIL AT VACAVILLE.

The Congregational church at Vacaville having given a call to Rev. James Parsons to become its pastor, a council was called to meet there on Thursday, June 20, 1895. The council organized by the election of Rev. H. N. Hoyt, D.D., of Sacramento as Moderator.

The proceedings of the church in the matter were found to be regular and orderly. After a statement of religious belief and experience by Brother Parsons, he was carefully and critically examined by council, and it is needless to say to those who know him that the result was highly satisfactory. The evening services were held in Masonic Hall, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. Excellent music was rendered by a large and well-trained choir; the Scripture was read by Rev. B. D. Naylor; prayer by Rev. H. E. Jewett, the retiring pastor. An able sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Hoyt, from Rom. i: 16. The installing prayer was made by Professor George Moor; right hand of fellowship by Rev. J. A. Orr; charge to pastor, Rev. A. F. Hitchcock, and charge to people, Professor Moor.

The occasion was one of sweet fellowship and spiritual uplift. Brother Parsons has the esteem already of the entire community, and, having the solid foundation laid by Brothers Jones and Jewett, will, no doubt, as a wise master builder, erect a spiritual temple in Vacaville which shall be a credit to Congregationalism and an honor to our Lord and Master.

A. F. HITCHCOCK, Scribe.

JOSEPH COOK AND THE JAPANESE.

(Concluded.)

[A part of twenty-two questions asked by young Japanese at a meeting with them in this city, and answered by Mr. Cook.]

11. Your opinion about co-education?

It succeeds well in most cases in America. But the schools in which it is practiced must be genuinely Christian in tone. In Japan co-education would perhaps need careful watching for some decades yet, but would probably result in elevating the condition of Japanese women. Saint or siren, the Japanese woman is one of the keys of the Japanese future.

12. The future of India?

More and more education; more and more self-government; more and more applied science; more and more approaches to Christianity by slowly changing native faiths; more and more Christianity; ultimate freedom from foreign political control, or else free acceptance of a place in the British empire.

13. The influence of Europe and America in the Orient?

America wants no part of the soil of Asia. She rejoices in the educational, political, commercial and religious progress of all the nations of the Orient. Russia wants a Pacific province and seaport and may be willing to fight an unjust war against Japan to obtain them. France and England have commercial ambitions in their eastern activities, and must both be watched there and sometimes resisted.

14. Is there a limit to psychical development? If so, what is that limit?

Probably no race of creatures is to succeed man as much superior to him as he is to the brutes. The soul self-surrendered to God and baptized by the Holy Spirit is the type of man's highest development. Christ was both human and divine; but, as human, he was man at his climax.

15. What will be the chief influence of the recent war upon the advancement of Japan?

The war between China and Japan has shown that the latter is a great naval and military power, easily superior on sea and land to her giant rival. It has given to Japan Formosa, an immense indemnity and parts of the mainland of Asia; opened the gates of China; consolidated Japanese political parties and given the empire prodigious prestige as the leader in the work of the regeneration of Asia.

16. What school of philosophy do you represent?

That of Hermann Lotze chiefly, which is commonly called ideal realism. I prefer to call my philosophy theistic realism.

17. What is meant by creation?

As no finite being has the power to create anything, no such being can be expected to understand the process of creation. The will of God brings the whole finite universe of both mind and matter into existence, and this act of his we call creation. Only God has self-existence. All other existence is dependent existence.

18. Is the process of creation completed, or is it still continuing?

No finite being could answer this question without a knowledge of all that is going on in the whole universe. It seems most probable that creation is yet going on, though not at present on our own planet.

19. What is meant by the eternal death of the soul?

Eternal sin and its consequences, which of necessity continue as long as the sin.

20. How does our conception of infinity arise?

It is a necessary correlate of our conception of the finite. The latter implies the former. There cannot be a finite without an infinite.

21. Will the Catholic, the Unitarian, or the Evangelical church control the future?

Very decidedly, I should say from the past history of the three orders of churches, that the Evangelical will control the future. Unitarianism is notoriously declining in power in the United States. Catholicism is powerful, but evangelical Protestantism is much its superior in strength and promise.

22. Shall we see in the future unity or diversity of Protestant churches?

Christian union is advancing rapidly, although church union is yet delayed. The evangelical churches—that is, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, and Episcopalians—are practically one in their religious doctrines, however different in church polity. Christian union will yet conquer the world.

ORO FINO.

BY PROF. W. W. LOVEJOY.

Oro Fino, Spanish for fine gold (*Lat. aurum*), lies to the north in a horn of the extensive Scott Valley in Siskiyou county. It is one of the five stations of Rev. A. S. McLellan, and is distant from the other extreme point about thirty miles. Less than two hundred souls form its population. Its Spanish name is not perfectly chosen, for there is better gold elsewhere. Perhaps it was unconsciously prophetic of what will one day be found here when men will be deemed of more value than fine gold, and character a product of highest value.

June 16th was the Methodist preacher's Sunday in the little white church. Its narrow, pointed windows, three on a side, its square, enclosed tower, with green latticed openings and finial ornaments, furnished a comely exterior. Out from the tower the bell speaks its voice. How much this means in a community where nobody is quite sure of the time, and the church bell is the symbol and music of the social life! It carries this association purely, and has no other voice. The band of the Pawnee Indian show or of the circus has not blurred its sacredness. Within, the church is white plastered, and the platform has a chancel-rail, after Methodist usage.

I attended Sunday-school before church, and my impressions may furnish a kodac picture of home missionary work here. We drove up, the Wilsons and I (Dr. Warren knows them, and they have not forgotten him) in an open two-horse rig, twenty minutes before the hour. While Miss Wilson, the Superintendent was busy in preparation inside, I remained outside for the sun's warmth. A light yellow, half-pointed, half-mastiff dog, of quite recent familiarity with a pole-cat—there was no mistaking it a hundred feet away—with his young master, very grimy as to the hands, was also early on the ground. He tramped in and out of the church, pushing open the door with his nose. His main business, however, seemed to be to look out for other dogs as they came up

with the teams, and dispute their right in a tussel, rolls and cloud of dust, to avail themselves of the privileges of the day. No doubt he sets much by this weekly opportunity of castigating the weaker brethren. I could not make out whether his growls could be articulated into "heretic" or not. His snaps had that sound. I rang the bell, and soon, something as in the Pied Piper story, the road in both directions woke to life and motion as children and adults started for church. The children's shoes were dusty, but their wash clothes were neat and becoming. Some had walked quite a distance. Into some faces you could not help gazing twice, with a sigh of sympathy, if for them there was no larger future than within the bounds of the valley whose isolation gives it a character all its own. But there is room for every soul in the upward, skyward direction.

Outside I talked with a Methodist brother, a lime-burner, who readily gave high praise to Mr. McLellan. So I find it everywhere, and with all sorts of people. At Callahan's, McConaghey's, Mound, and Oro Fino, he is firmly fixed in a confidence and respect which is eager for expression. It is a pity that "J. K. H.", in Pacific, June 12th, "Hopeful Words from Missionary Fields," forgot to mention, among the new church buildings lately erected in home missionary fields, the one at Callahan's, and at McConaghey's. There is also in contemplation plans for enlargement at Etna, and a new building at Oro Fino, if the Methodists press for separation. To these may be added the parsonage at Etna, nearly paid for by a bazaar that took in four hundred dollars. The good ladies of the Bay district may know that their contributions were not in vain. And, too, the knick-knacks and fancy articles perpetuate a good deed by the continued power of association in the minds of those who use them at home. As I again entered the building, another object lesson was seen. Over the arch of a window nearest the pulpit the Christmas greens were left. The other windows were bare. Just below, a pane of glass was broken, and through the opening a swallow had entered, to build her mud nest and rear her brood undisturbed. "Even thine altars," the Psalmist says, shall furnish a home for sparrow and swallow. "Does God care for oxen?" or saith he it altogether for our sakes? Does he care for birds? Jesus has answered. Does he care for these souls in Oro Fino, almost wholly dependent for uplift and spiritual culture on the fostering that comes from within? Are these children precious in his sight? To sit in this little church and have the privilege of looking into these faces (some fifteen or sixteen I had before me in the Bible class), and of teaching them from the well-spring of life, God's Word, gives one a new interest in home missions. Is not the word "If thou hadst known"—if thou hadst known the day of thine opportunity?

The receipts of the American Board in the month of May were \$9,063.13 more than in the corresponding month last year, a total of \$50,256, of which \$16,157.48 were from churches and individuals, \$14,908.45 from the Woman's Board, \$702 from Y. P. S. C. E., \$6,469.17 for the debt and \$8,947.77 from legacies. The existing obligations from June 1st to August 31st are \$315,199.88. There is some encouragement in the increase.

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

The subject at the last Monday Club was "The Foundations of Belief," by Hon. A. J. Balfour—a review by Rev. Dr. M. Willett. The review was very able, as are all Dr. Willett's papers. We shall give a portion of it to our readers in a succeeding issue. Among the visitors were Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Detling of Shoreham, Vt., and Elder H. S. Tanner of Salt Lake City. The next meeting of the Club will be in the auditorium of the Y. M. C. A., and will be addressed by Rev. Anna H. Shaw. Other ministers' meetings in the city have been invited to unite and make this a union gathering.

Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams preached at Plymouth church from two verses in the Sunday-school lesson—verses 48 and 49; subject, "The closing words of the Master's ministry"—a command, "Tarry ye in Jerusalem"; a promise, "Endued with Power"; a commission, "Ye are witnesses." In the evening, "What is Fundamental to Faith and Salvation?"

The Sunday-school rooms of Plymouth church have been thoroughly renovated, ceilings tinted, walls papered, lecture-hall and parlor re-carpeted.

Professor R. R. Lloyd's Bible class in Plymouth church, always full of interest, suspends this summer, as usual, during the Professor's absence for vacation. Professor Lloyd delivers courses of lectures in Kansas and Wisconsin respectively. He lectured in Kansas last year, and they enjoyed so well the doctrinal ozone of our Theological Seminary that they desired another invoice in 1895.

Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D., of Chicago, lectures in Plymouth church Saturday evening of next week on "The Later Eloquence of Puritanism." This will be his only lecture in San Francisco. General admission, fifty cents. Home missionaries and their families, in the city or outside, will be admitted free by sending their names on postal cards to Rev. W. D. Williams, 1719 Post street, not later than July 4th, or calling at the pastor's study the evening of the lecture.

Professor George Moor preached for Rev. Philip Coombe in the Richmond and Pierce-street churches. This makes three times that Brother Coombe has had assistance in two years.

Rev. William Rader preached in the First church, Oakland, on "The Creative Power of Religion" and "Is Christianity Declining?"

Rev. Dr. M. Willett's subjects in Pilgrim church were "Secret Things for God; Revealed Things for us" and "Out in Search of a New Religion."

Rev. E. D. Bostwick by invitation addressed the graduating class of the high school in Petaluma last Sunday. Every seat in the church was taken, the class and teachers occupying the front seats. His sermon was a masterpiece of eloquence, and received general commendation.

The Sonoma and Marin County Convention of the W. C. T. U. was held in Sebastopol last week. Mrs. Sturtevant-Peet was present at each session. Her address on "Legislative Experience" was well received by a large and appreciative audience. The papers on the different lines of

work were of marked excellence, one on "Young Women's Work" deserving especial mention.

Rev. H. F. Burgess preached at Auburn on "A Modern Nazareth" in the morning; at night his subject was "Lost."

Evangelistic meetings, conducted by Miss Grace Scott, in Redwood and Woodside, closed on Sunday, June 9th. The meetings, which were continued four weeks, were largely attended, and the interest was unabated to the end. It is difficult to tell the entire results at present; many have been led into the light, and others have been helped who were already on the way. Several will come into the Redwood church at the next communion, and thirteen have already united with the branch at Woodside. C. M. S.

EASTERN.

Tents are used in many places at the East for preaching, the evangelist, going from place to place, taking his tent with him. After tent-meetings conducted by Rev. B. C. Tillett at Blairsburg, Iowa, thirty were received into the church.

The congregations of Plymouth church, Springfield, Ill., have become larger than the house of worship.

Rev. D. M. Hartsough of Iowa is holding meetings in Cleburne, Texas, that are largely attended.

Twenty-three united with the church at Council Bluffs, June 9th.

PRESIDENT CLARK'S REPORT.

[Given at the Annual Business meeting of the United Society of Christian Endeavor]

To the Members of the U. S. C. E.: In submitting my report for the Society year just closed, I have only good news to record and the abundant blessing of God to rejoice in.

Our fellowship has increased all the world around as never before in all the fourteen years of our history.

In almost every land and in every clime, as Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, has recently said of the movement in England, the societies have increased "by leaps and bounds."

The Junior societies have fully shared in the general blessing, and have made an even more marvellous advance than the Young People's societies.

The Floating societies and other special developments of the kind have taken a strong hold on the affections and the interest of the Endeavor public.

The State conventions have been, as a rule, far larger and more productive of spiritual results than ever before, and the local Unions have shared in the general prosperity.

In many new countries—notably in Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Holland—the work has been started, and the Constitution has been translated into a number of additional languages in many lands.

The interests of the great cause of Christian citizenship and of missions have been advanced everywhere, and these efforts constitute some of the most cheering and important forward steps of the year.

While the Christian Endeavor Society never has and never will, I believe, ally itself with any political party, yet in the triumph of righteousness at the polls, in the aid given toward the overthrow of corruption and moral evil in some of our towns and cities, in the clearing of the civic atmosphere, in the volunteering of hundreds of young men and women

for the foreign fields, in the contributing by Endeavorers of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the denominational boards, is the practical outcome of these great movements seen.

Our British and Australian brethren have shared with us in this general prosperity, and conventions of great power have been reported, not only from England, Scotland and Wales, but from Japan and China, while France, Jamaica, South Africa and other countries have shared in similar convention blessings.

In every denomination in the world, with the single exception of the Methodist Episcopal denomination in the United States (North and South), has our fellowship increased, and the attitude of the denominations was never so favorable to the movement as to-day (with this exception), since they have come to understand more thoroughly the utter loyalty of the Endeavorer, and the Endeavor society to its own church.

More fully than ever, I believe, are the real functions of the United Society and of the State Unions understood and observed. The object of the United Society as well as of the State Union, is not, as I conceive it, to carry on an organized propaganda for any cause, however good; not even in the interests of Christian citizenship or Christian missions. They can, especially through their yearly conventions, suggest, stimulate, inspire; but it is for the local societies and the local unions, as being in close connection with the local churches, to carry out these plans as best they can, not at the dictation of any United Society or State Union, but as their divinely guided wisdom and local circumstances demand.

It has become increasingly clear that State and National Unions are simply bureaus of information and channels of inspiration, whose chief duties are to circulate the literature of the movement, to multiply societies wherever they properly can, and to hold annual mass-meetings for the spiritual stimulus of the Endeavorers and Endeavor societies.

To carry out these ideas and these ideas only in the United Society of which you have chosen me the president, shall be my constant aim and purpose, and to this end I pledge myself to strive in the future, as in the past, by example as well as precept, to secure an unselfish, economical, efficient administration of the United Society, wherein not personal honor or emolument, but the cause we love, shall be the sole consideration.

Respectfully submitted,
FRANCIS E. CLARK.

Light of Love.

The light of sun, a stretch of gold,
Is hindered oft by clouds;
The light of moon, not half so bold,
Eclipse sometimes enshrouds;
But o'er the Christian's heart domain
A richer light doth beam;
Unchecked by e'en the clouds of pain,
Naught bars its steady gleam.
'Tis light of love—
The purest light by God controlled.
The light of sun o'er earthly fold
Is dimmed when stars do play;
The light of moon o'er country wold
Doth fade at break of day;
But o'er the Christian's broad heart-way
There shines eternal light;
The same in life's bright, hopeful day
As in death's dimmest night
'Tis light of love—
The purest light by God controlled.
—Selected.

Woman's Board of the Pacific.

MRS. DORWARD RETURNED.

Our Mrs. Dorward of Africa when last heard from was in London, and is probably now in New York, about entering a hospital. She wrote of being greatly cheered upon being shown to her room in London, to find this motto framed upon the wall, "From henceforth I will bless thee."

A. D. J.

SAN JOSE ANNUAL MEETING.

This meeting was held in the evening—stereopticon views from Japan, India and Turkey proving an attractive program. "The missionary barrels brought in were opened quietly and a collection taken. We expect to send Miss Merriam \$50 soon on our pledge, and shall try hard to complete the whole before September 1st."

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

The ladies of the Pilgrim Foreign Missionary Society, East Oakland, were waited upon by a gentleman friend recently returned from Seattle, and presented with three shining twenties (\$60) for their treasury. He said while in Washington he had been greatly interested by listening to an address by a lady missionary from China, whose name is to us unknown. An encouragement to returned missionaries, who do not always see of the "fruit of their labors" in this country; and also to the faithful workers in Pilgrim church.

SACRAMENTO HEARD FROM.

The ladies of our Sacramento auxiliary, taking advantage of the missionary impulse given by the late Christian Endeavor convention, held a very enthusiastic missionary rally June 12th, with "India" for their subject. Several papers were read as follows: "Our Marching Orders," Miss De Laguna; "The Calcutta Christian Lectureship," Mrs. Upson; "Normal School in Madura," Miss Carrington; "Hospital Work," Mrs. Anderson; "Bible Women in Madura," Mrs. Noyes; "School Work of Rev. J. C. Perkins and Wife," Mrs. Hoyt, assisted by Mrs. Goodell. The Thursday evening church prayer-meeting of the week previous was a rousing preparatory missionary meeting, with an address by Miss Gouldy, on "Christian Work in Japan." Dr. and Mrs. Hoyt know how to plan for an interest in missions! Mrs. B. F. Crocker, Mrs. Dr. Simmons, Mrs. McCreary and Mrs. Wetherbee have given \$10, with which the A. B. C. F. M. missionary maps are to be procured for the use of the society.

A MICRONESIAN JOURNEY.

BY MRS. F. M. PRICE.

The other day Mr. Price, Miss Kinney and I went in the boat to a place about three or four miles from here to see a sick man. We started too late and did not get there until almost dark. We landed this side of the place, and I stayed with the two native girls who came with us. We got out of the boat on the shore. The man who had charge of the boat wanted to go farther down the beach, so we walked along on the sand gathering shells as we went. Finally we came to the stopping place and sat down on the sand to wait for the others to come. Darkness came on, the new moon came out and shed a

feeble light on us; three or four natives gathered around us. I thought how strange it all seemed, and yet I was not afraid. The dark wood behind us, the ocean in front almost at our feet, and these strange wild people all about us. One man brought me a bread fruit and gave it to me, and all seemed kind and friendly. Finally, after long waiting, and just as the novelty of the thing was beginning to wear off, Mr. Price and Miss Kinney came, and we all embarked for home; but there was almost no wind and we scarcely moved. We sang hymns and had a beautiful ride, arriving home about half past eight. It was the pleasantest experience I have had since coming here. Mrs. Snelling got worried because we did not come. Mr. Snelling said, "There is no wind that cannot go down," but Mrs. Snelling said, "They may run on to rocks." "Well, then, they can get out and sit on the rocks and let the boat go," was the reasoning answer, and I thought it a very good one.

January 29th.—The *Morning Star* has come from her work in the Islands to the east of us three weeks earlier than we expected her, so we have to hurry up with our letters. Mr. Price has gone for three weeks' trip to the Mortlock Islands, and after their return they wait here four days and sail for home. Mrs. Garland and baby are with me while the captain takes this trip. Mr. Price has taken Moses, one of the old helpers who was with Mr. Logan, and one of the young men who works for us to help him, and expects to have a good time. Miss Kinney and one of her girls have gone too, and hope to be a help to the women. I do hope they will carry much blessing and light with them. One does grow so interested in the people for whom they work and pray. I felt all the way down that I did not love these people as I wished to, and so kept asking God to give me a great love for them. He has heard me, for I do love them, and so long to help them. Their sin and degradation does not make me despise them as I feared it would, but only pity them. I often think what would I be different from them if I had been born in the midst of this heathenism. Mr. Price has been holding services for some little time at a place about three or four miles from here. It is a place that has been very troublesome in the past. They had a teacher once and chased him away; they have stolen from the mission and made trouble in many ways. Last year they suffered greatly in the war, and have decided they want to try the better way, and see what it will do for them. They came and wanted Mr. Price to preach to them, as they wanted a white missionary. They sent a native woman there some time ago, and they informed her that they did not want her; they wanted a white woman "who wears stockings on her hands." Mr. Price went one Sunday and wanted them to come over here till he got the language a little better; but they were urgent that he should come, said the women could not come over here, and they wanted them to hear too. Mr. Price said he could not resist such an appeal as that, and would go and do the best he could for them. He has put the Ten Commandments on a strip of white cloth and is teaching them to them. Then he puts the principal ideas which he wishes them to get hold of on cloth; as he reads them, the old chief, who sits at his feet, repeats them over after him; in this

way they all get hold of them. Last time he went over he put the "two ways" on cloth; one leading up to heaven, the other leading down to hell. There were about one hundred present, all sitting on the ground. The women in the back could not see the bottom of the chart. At the close of the meeting, the old chief said, "I want you to come up here in front, where you can see where this way of death leads to." He had evidently got hold of that idea.

They need, as all heathen people do, to be taught simply as little children. We do hope that this impulse may be turned in the right way, and that many of these people may be saved.

February 13th.—The *Morning Star* returned day before yesterday, and sails for Honolulu the first of next week. I must bring this long letter to a close. Mr. Price and Miss Kinney came home in good spirits, and Miss Kinney brought four new girls for her school. Everywhere they were received with joy and gladness. Mr. Price married forty-two couples and baptized forty-five persons. I do not know how many he excommunicated. We do not inquire into that; that is not good missionary news. Poor people so weak, and yet they do want to be saved. I want to tell you a little story about a poor woman in the Gilbert Islands, where Dr. and Mrs. Bingham began work so long ago. She was one of the first converts, and has been true ever since. When the *Star* was there this year, I think it was Mrs. Garland who went into the church one morning (anyway she told me of it, and it is true). There was an old woman with just a fringe about her loins weaving a mat for the floor. She drew herself together and said she was ashamed to have the teacher see her looking so, but her only dress was so near worn out that she could only wear it on Sunday. She was too poor to buy another. Mrs. Garland asked her what she was doing. She said she was too poor to give anything, and she wanted to so much. She saw that the church needed a new mat, and she thought she could do that and it would be for the Lord because it was his house. So, with her old, trembling hands, she was weaving or rather braiding away. She said she was old, and was working as fast as she could so as to get it done before she died. Mrs. Garland went to the ship and told her story, and the captain saw that she had a new dress. I think she would think the Lord had not forgotten her. Oh, sisters, does she not put us to shame! I felt how little I was really doing for Him in comparison when I heard this. Surely, she has done what she could. And now I will say good-bye. May God bless you all, and help you to live for Him! Your sister,
S. J. PRICE.

Work—work—work! It is the iron ploughshare that goes over the field of the heart, rooting up all the pretty grasses and the beautiful hurtful weeds that we have taken such pleasure in growing, laying them all under, fair and foul together, making plain, dull-looking, arable land for our neighbors to peer at; until at night-time, down in the deep furrows, the angels come and sow.—[Dinah Muloch Craik.]

Phillips Brooks: "No matter what sort of emotional tempest you may have experienced, your heart is not pure unless your life is clean."

Home Missions.

Thursday, June 6th.—The meeting was led by Mrs. Merritt. Subject—"The Gift of the Spirit—How Manifested." Have we a right to assume that none are specially endowed of the Spirit but those who have had some remarkable experience? We speak of the "indwelling of the Spirit and of the baptism of the Spirit." Are they not essentially one, though the manifestation to the world may be very different? In other words, if the fruits of the Spirit, of which Paul speaks, are manifest in the life, if the personal consciousness testifies to a full and unreserved consecration, so that the soul can at all times say, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt," has not such a one been truly "baptized of the Spirit"? Those of us who were present this morning felt that we had each the witness of the Spirit in a very precious way. COM.

FROM THE FIELD.

Amid the many sorrowful accounts of financial distress and spiritual apathy which come to the Home Missionary Superintendent, it is refreshing to receive such a record of divine grace and of sunny prospects as this which follows. For months before the coming of the evangelist, the ground had been preparing, and since her departure the tender shoots have been assiduously cultivated. We call special attention to the pastor's words on this point, and to the decisive influence which, in his judgment, was exerted by this previous and subsequent Christian fidelity. It is from Tipton that the report comes:

"We have enjoyed a remarkable revival during the month of April. The presence and power of the Holy Spirit was phenomenal. The evangelistic services were so attractive that people came from ten miles around to attend them. Some of the worst and most open sinners were soundly converted and have united with the church. Bold and defiant transgressors were compelled to yield to the gospel call. For instance—one young man who, one evening, expressed utter indifference, came the next night to the parsonage seeking salvation. The strange part of it is that he was intoxicated at the time. For this reason, I had no confidence in his professions. Yet the evangelist labored with him, and then knelt with him in prayer. When they rose up he was a sober man. More than this, he professed himself to be a believer in Jesus. It seemed like a miracle when, opportunity being offered, he stood up in the meeting and testified to this wonderful experience of God's saving grace. And during the weeks which have elapsed since then, the reality of the change has been witnessed to by his steady growth in grace. He preached for me last Sunday at one of my outstations.

"Another of these converts was one of our bitterest opponents when our crusade against the saloon began. Now, as he says, he would rather suffer his right arm to be cut off than drink a single glass of liquor. He is exercising the same indefatigable energy now for the church as before in defense of the saloon.

"Other conversions were hardly less remarkable than the two which have been mentioned.

"The result of this revival is 48 accessions to the church, among these being many reconverted backsliders. We now have a church in reality. One pleasing feature in these

young converts is that they all feel that they have a work to do. I would not be surprised if two or three of them developed into preachers.

"We have been holding meetings every other night since Miss Scott left us, with good results. Several have been converted. Our Christian Endeavor Society has been reorganized since the revival. We have about forty members, over thirty of them active members. 'The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.'

"The revival has changed the moral sentiment of the community. Everything is progressing harmoniously in the church also. The change has been so radical that I feel as though I had a new parish. 'Old things are passed away; all things are become new.' This revival would not have been successful as it has been had there not been thorough preparation for it."

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

The day before the annual meeting of the Home Missionary Society at Saratoga was given to the annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary unions. From the devotional hour, led by Mrs. Lane of Michigan, to the closing prayer, by Mrs. William Kincaid of Brooklyn, it is said to have been a delightful meeting. We, on this side the Rockies, can only catch the echoes of it, and yet we are grateful for the privilege of being numbered in the great company of women who love missions.

Miss Bordyman of Boston spoke for the Sunday-school and Publishing Society, of the need that all our Unions be helpers, and that we remember that with the future of the children lies the future of the nation.

Mrs. Kellogg of Boston plead for an educated ministry, and for the College and Education Society. Mrs. Taintor would rouse the Unions to a sense of their responsibility in building homes for our home missionaries, while Mrs. Caswell carried her listeners with her in her journeyings through the Western States, reminding them of the open doors in which they might enter in.

Miss Collins, the "Wenonah" of the Indians, who has lived and labored among them and for them for twenty years, thrilled the hearts of her listeners as she plead for funds for her work; and Mrs. Goodell gave a delightful Bible reading on self-denial. These yearly meetings draw the hearts of the workers from all over our land closer together. In union there is strength.

Prominent among the sessions of the Home Missionary Society was

THE WOMAN'S MEETING.

We quote from the *Congregationist*:

"The innovation adopted at Omaha of giving the Woman's Department a regular place on the program proved so satisfactory that it has become a part of the regular procedure. Thus the women are allowed, as they were not before, to attend the business session, which used to go on simultaneously with their own meeting; and, on the other hand, which is a still more important consideration, the men have the full benefit of the women's gathering, which, in many respects, this year, as well as last, was one of the best of all. Indeed, the phrase, 'bordering on the glorious,' applied to it was hardly too strong an expression. To begin with, Mrs. H. S. Caswell presided,

and that means ease, dignity and celerity. In the second place, she was supported by three workers from the field, each of whom is a study in herself, and taken together made as strong a team as could be put upon the platform. Modest, gentle Anna Hodous, a graduate of Dr. Schauffler's Bohemian Bible Training-school at Cleveland, her heart yearning in behalf of the 100,000 ignorant, degraded Slovaks in the United States, but with her present interest, however, concentrated mainly on those who live in Braddock, Pa., among whom she has worked for several years, put the case for them so vividly, so quaintly, that the audience praised God that so able and suitable a person had been called to so important a service. Mrs. Alice S. Barnes, spectacled, motherly, benignant, knowing exactly what she wants and the best way of getting it, opened the window through which we looked into life in a Montana mining-camp, and saw the pluck and persistence with which she and her few associates were holding up the banner of Christ in that rough, saloon-cursed community. Miss M. D. Moffatt, a tall, attractive brunette, who looked as if she would be thoroughly at home at an afternoon tea in any drawing-room, but who has done yeoman's service in the slums of New York city and in the back towns of Vermont, projected on the canvas a section of Oklahoma, revealing the want and loneliness of the dwellers there, and their appreciation of and response to the gospel message. The best kind of a complement to these three speeches was Mrs. Joseph Cook's paper on 'A Woman's Club of National Interests,' in which with great sarcasm, but with the utmost winsomeness and an earnestness that carried conviction, she exposed that kind of Christian life among our women which runs to all sorts of clubs and discussions on literary and economic topics, but which has only a feeble interest in missions, and which too often glories in its indifference to them. No more solid or needed truth was spoken during the session, and it had all the more force because uttered by a woman who is herself an embodiment of culture, intelligence and all the true womanly qualities."

Most of you will have read the pledge which General Howard started in the meeting, but it is worth printing again:

"SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.,
June 5, 1895.)

"To all Friends of Home Missions—
Dear Brethren:

"The debt of our Congregational Home Missionary Society has been brought upon the Society by the hard times of the past two years. I propose that this debt be paid by getting 1,400 shares of \$100 each. I shall be delighted to lead the roll of honor by my own subscription of \$100. Sincerely yours in the best of bonds,
O. O. HOWARD."

Of the forty shares taken that day several were by women. Five hundred of these memberships in the General Howard Roll of Honor (as it was voted to be called) are to be secured, if possible, from women. Hence, Mrs. Caswell and the Woman's Department request that all women who are inspired to enroll will do so through the Woman's Department. It may be some women on this Coast may be moved to do this. If so, we hope their gifts will pass through the treasury of their State Society.

Sunday School

LESSON FOR JULY 7TH.

BY REV. W. A. TENNEY.

Subject—"The Ten Commandments" (Ex. xx: 1-17).

Golden Text—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself" (Luke x: 27).

Fifty days after the Israelites started to leave Egypt, God called Moses up to the top of Mount Sinai to give him the syllabus of the only perfect code of laws (Ex. xix: 20). Sinai is in Arabia, about 150 miles from the point where Israel crossed the Red Sea. This code of laws is called the "Ten Commandments" (Ex. xxxiv: 28); or, as the literal meaning of the Hebrew is, *ten words*, and the Greek equivalent *decatalogue*. These laws are also called the "words of the covenant" (Deut. iv: 13), meaning the terms of agreement between God and men; and also "the words of testimony," or an expression of God's will to men.

The ten words were engraved by the finger of God on two tables of stone (Ex. xxxi: 18; xxxii: 15, 16; Deut. iv: 13). In descending from the Mount, Moses let the first tables fall, and they were broken (Ex. xxxii: 19). These were replaced (Deut. x: 1-5), and in later years were deposited in the ark of the covenant, and kept in the Holy of Holies in the tabernacle. This law, from the nature of things, must be perpetual and unchangeable, because it is based on the relations men sustain to God and to one another.

"God spake all these words," by an audible voice (Deut. v: 22). "The speech was God's own, not merely as to the words spoken, but as to the articulate sounds actually perceived by the ear" (Murphy).

"I am the Lord thy God"—the one self-existent Creator and supporter of all things and persons. His authority is supreme over all government. There can be only one supreme Law-giver, Judge and Saviour (Isa. xxxiii: 22; James iv: 12). The sole Creator, infinite in wisdom, justice and love, is alone competent to legislate for all beings. "The law of God is binding over all the globe, in all countries, and at all times; no human laws are of any validity, if contrary to this; and such of them as are valid derive all their force and all their authority mediately or immediately from this original" (Blackstone). Only a radical change in the relation of intelligent and moral beings, and a revision of the Divine statutes proclaimed from heaven with as great certainty as the first giving of the Decalogue, can be sufficient authority for modifying the Ten Commandments. The law-giver alone can change a law. "In no case whatever can a judge oppose his own opinion and authority to the clear declaration of the Legislature. His province is to interpret and obey the supreme power of the State. And if an act of Parliament should, like the edict of Herod, command the children of a certain age to be slain, the judge ought to resign his office, rather than be auxiliary to its execution; but it could only be declared void by the high authority by which it was ordained" (Lord Chief Justice Hobart). The Decalogue was re-enacted under the Christian dispensation by the teaching and practices of Christ and his apostles (Matt. xix: 18, 19;

Rom. xiii: 8, 9). The law applies to the intent (Matt. v: 27-48).

The Commandments are precise and personal. Each contains a "thou shalt" except the fifth. The first four relate to our duty to God; and the last six, our duty to our fellow-men. In each table the largest possible amount of legal matter is clearly stated in the fewest possible words.

"Thou shalt have no other gods." This means we must have one God, to whom we are under obligation to give the supreme place in our heart and life.

"Thou shalt not make any graven image or likeness"—any representation of Deity by carving, moulding or painting—likeness of anything in existence, or which the imagination can devise.

"Thou shalt not bow down," etc. This forbids kneeling before a sculptured cast or painted virgin, madonna and child, a crucifix, cross, or even to kneel before the emblems on the communion table. They are all in the likeness of something material; but God is a Spirit. It is idolatry to worship the true God in a false manner.

"A jealous God." He will allow no rival. "They that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." "Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children." Iniquity is not the same as punishment. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "They shall bear the punishment of their iniquity." (Ezk. xiv: 10.) The original of iniquity signifies perverseness, or a strong sinward tendency in the child to do as the parents have done. The sons are almost certain to pursue the vices of their fathers.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord in vain." By (1) the profane use of divine titles. (2) All empty forms in religion without sincerity. (3) False oaths in court. (4) Pledging in God's name with no effort to keep the promise.

"The Lord will not hold him guiltless." Profanity is a useless, vulgar, degrading vice. Nothing can be gained by it. The devil uses motives for all other sins, but the profane bite at a bare hook.

"Remember the Sabbath." The Sabbath was first instituted the day after man was created. (Gen. ii: 2, 3.) More prominence is given to the Sabbath than to any other command. (Ex. xxxi: 13-17; Neb. xiii: 15-18; Isa. lvi: 2-7; lviii: 13, 14; Ezk. xx: 15-21.)

"Thou shalt not do any work." Lay aside the ordinary vocation. "Thy son—servant—cattle." We are to see that all in our employ have rest on the Sabbath. To extort labor on that day from servants and beasts is not only defrauding them of their God-given rights, but it is robbing God of his day. According to Christ's interpretation of the Sabbath-law, it is right on that day to use means to relieve human and animal suffering (Matt. xii: 1-13; Mark ii: 27, 28; Luke xiii: 11-17). The Sabbath is to be devoted to worship (Ezk. xlvi: 3; Mark vi: 2; Luke iv: 16-31; xiii: 10; Acts xiii: 10-16-42; xv: 21).

"Honor thy father and thy mother." They are equal in the authority of the home. To honor is to respect, reverence and obey in everything that is right. This is called "the first commandment with promise" (Eph. vi: 2). Irreverence and disobedience in the home is the first and surest step to all crime. The American Prison Association, by gathering facts from the criminals in

(Continued on page 16)

Southern California.

THESE two pages are edited by Rev. H. P. CASE, Rev. J. T. FORD and President C. G. BALDWIN. The Southern office is located at Claremont, Los Angeles county, Cal. Address all copy to C. G. Baldwin. All subscriptions from Southern California will be received by the Claremont office. For information, address C. G. Baldwin, Claremont, al.

GENERAL NOTES.

Items concerning individuals and churches are often of sufficient interest to justify taking the time to report them. The point of view should be this: Southern California Congregationists have an interest in all that pertains to each one of the churches. THE PACIFIC is the medium of communication. The interest is not idle. Suggestions as to what we may do ourselves often come from knowing what others do. Send in items.

Enlarge the list of subscribers. It is a good service to the individuals enlisted, and to the church, and to the common cause, and to all union effort. This is a California institution; nothing is likely to take its place. No plan of union with some Eastern paper is possible. It has been tried by our Presbyterian friends and given up. There is just one way to do in this matter, and that is to take hold, all of us, and together make a success of THE PACIFIC, one of the oldest institutions of the Pacific Coast. Why wait and lose the time!

Superintendent Search, of the Los Angeles schools, has been removed from his place on a technicality—that he was not a citizen of California, and so not eligible. His friends pointed out that this disability would have been removed in a few weeks, but the technicality was used to remove him by a vote of six to three. Some good men were among the six, that is certain, but the most intelligent element of the city feel very sure that a mistake has been made. They feel that Mr. Search is a man of great dignity of character and genuine refinement. That he is in earnest to improve the schools. That his ideas concerning the "individual method" are important and fundamentally correct and that the failure, in so far as there was failure, was in method of application of the idea to the school system. The more suitable way would have been, in the judgment of the citizens, to have changed the method of applying the principle of the individual work. Good educators are too scarce to make us pleasantly submit to the loss of such a man as Professor Search, and we hope he may still reside and work in Southern California.

CHURCH NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. A. E. Tracy of Ontario plans a trip East in July. The near advent of electric lighting moves the church to propose to sell its elegant chandeliers and bracket lamps for half price, and put electric lights in their place. This furnishes a favorable opportunity for churches needing chandeliers to secure them on favorable terms.

Rev. and Mrs. Frary of Pomona plan to spend July and August revisiting home and friends in New England.

Rev. E. Russell King of Paso Robles visits Los Angeles this week, ex-

pecting to take, in this vicinity, a few weeks' rest from his arduous labors.

The church at Eagle Rock has been supplied of late by Rev. D. Lloyd Jenkins. Under his ministrations congregations have greatly increased; prayer-meetings held weekly from house to house are well attended. Those who seek the welfare of Zion take new encouragement from these larger gatherings of the people for religious service.

Rev. J. B. Williams and wife from Salt Lake City, are sojourning at Monrovia. They have come in hope that a change of climate may improve the health especially of Mrs. Williams, who is said at present to be too much reduced in strength to expect speedy recovery.

A council is called to consider the propriety of the organization of a church at Alessandro, to meet on Monday, June 24th, at 2:30 P. M. This place has been occupied for some time past with a Sunday-school and afternoon preaching service by Rev. S. G. Emerson of Moreno. The two points are about eight miles apart.

Rev. Stephen A. Norton, our pastor at San Diego, and brother of Prof. E. C. Norton of Pomona College, has been appropriately recognized by Carleton College. He once studied in that institution, and the able work which he has done in the ministry is regarded by the institution as rendering him worthy of the recognition indicated by the title of D.D. We welcome Dr. Stephen A. Norton to the ranks of our aggressive and growing men in Southern California.

BUENA PARK.

Though our church is in fair prosperity, we are deeply regretting the loss of four of our most active members. Deacon Young, with his estimable wife, and two daughters, one, the President of the Y. P. S. C. E., the other, our organist, primary class teacher and Junior Christian Endeavor Superintendent, have left us for the East. Their very active service renders their places hard to fill.

Our pastor is obliged to rest for a while, on account of ill-health. To show how much he is appreciated, the non-church members of society are getting up an entertainment. The proceeds are to be devoted especially to his service. Two families, formerly very active, have returned, after an absence of a year or two, and resumed their places in our ranks. The church services are well attended. Our Sunday-school is doing well, and there is a slight increase in members.

The prosperity of the country seems assured, as we view the crops the farmers are raising. Every one is very busy. The barley harvest is grand, and an especially fine harvest of beets is expected. BUENA.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Board of Trustees of Pomona College holds its annual meeting June 26th and 27th. The President of the Board is sick and unable to be present. The Secretary is in the East at work for the College. The work is in such shape, however, that it is believed that it will not suffer from the enforced absence of these important members.

The physician has prescribed an Eastern trip for Professor Brackett

who has been seriously sick. He hopes to go, and to take Mrs. Brackett with him.

The college pastor, Rev. Henry W. Jones, whose illness was reported last week, is recuperating rapidly, much to the delight of his many friends.

Professor Brannan's presence on the grounds again is an unexpected pleasure of the commencement season. He takes part in the musical program, and the violin speaks to our hearts again with the old-time peculiar impressiveness.

Rev. J. H. Williams of Redlands gave the address Sunday, June 23d, before the Christian Associations.

The baccalaureate sermon will be preached by President Baldwin from the text, "Whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant."

Some greatly needed and unexpected gifts have come in to save the loss of the \$2,000 pledged upon condition that the College meets its current expenses this year, and raises \$4,000 to apply upon old obligations on or before June 30th. Every dollar now given counts for about \$4 if enough is subscribed. It is easy to see how much we lack, and you now have time even yet to write a letter making a pledge. Address President Baldwin, Claremont. Make your payment as soon as you can, but don't fail to get in your pledge before the end of June 30th. This means every friend of Pomona College. Unendowed colleges are good objects for gifts this year.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES.

The following Children's Day offerings have been received by Superintendent Case during the past week:

Pilgrim Con. S. S., Pomona.....	\$18 10
Pico Heights Con. S. S.	5 00
Jamul Con. S. S.	4 55
First Con. S. S., Los Angeles.....	4 32
Westminster Con. S. S.	4 41
West End Con. S. S., Los Angeles..	6 15
First Con. S. S., San Diego.....	25 19
North Con. S. S., Pasadena.....	5 00
Flinn Valley Con. S. S.	2 65
Lemon Grove Con. S. S.	3 75
Bloomington Con. S. S.	6 35
San Jacinto Con. S. S.	5 25
Second Con. S. S., San Diego.....	3 60
Jamacha Con. S. S.	2 55

The study of these offerings and some comparisons will be made later.

The Sunday-school missionary has an opportunity to learn who compose the population of our State and nation. In Southern California there are many elements not yet assimilated in our body politic. Superintendent Case recently held services, aiding feeble schools in two places that had much un-American life in them. While he was meeting and addressing a Sunday-school of thirty-five—about all the Protestant or non-Catholic people in San Juan Capistrano—last Sunday, the Spanish population, some two or three hundred, all good Catholics, were enjoying a barbecue given by the patron of the pueblo, Don Marco Foster. Feasting, wine, music and dancing occupied the guests until late at night. The next Sunday the priest will conduct *la misa* at the old mission and receive the confessions, etc., of these same versatile people. Despite these surroundings, a few Anglo-Saxon Christians are bravely carrying on a Sunday-school, determined that their own children shall be taught the pure gospel and its correct moral code. Possibly, some of those Spanish fellow-citizens may

be attracted, to learn of the "better way."

The same night the missionary addressed a Sunday-school audience of nearly sixty, mostly young people, at El Toro; probably a majority of those young people although attending with some regularity the Union Sunday-school maintained there, are from Mormon homes, and have their minds befogged or imprisoned with the gross teachings of that un-Christian sect whose leaders do not hesitate to declare that their "Book of Mormon" is more important than the Bible. Yet it is hoped that the faithful teaching given in that country Sunday-school may enlighten and save those young people.

FIX THE PICTURE.

When the photographer has "taken" a picture, in the "bath" of his dark room he develops the "negative," and then if it is satisfactory he fixes it with other chemicals so that it will not fade out. Sunday-school teachers and workers, have you done all you could to fix the picture you have during the past twelve months been taking? As never before in all Sunday-school teaching you have had a great opportunity! You have "exposed" the mind (and heart also if you were a faithful teacher) of your pupil to "the Light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Now the year's lessons are closed. Was the picture well taken? Ah, who knows! The rays of truth streaming from that Face in the manger, on the cross, and ascending from Olivet were sufficient. Your pupil's soul was in focus? Very well! Now develop and fix the picture. How? By review, review, review, carefully, patiently, prayerfully, practically! God grant that in thousands of our California Sunday-school scholars by means of this year's faithful study Christ may be found "the Hope of glory."

A bit of Chautauqua Normal Kindergarten work which you can use in your own primary class is excellently outlined (as is all Mrs. Kennedy's work) in a series of well-illustrated leaflets, seven in number, which is named "The Young Travelers' Class." Send ten cents to Fleming H. Revell, Publisher, Chicago, for them. The lessons or "talks" would be just the thing for a series of children's meetings Sunday afternoons, or supplemental to the primary class exercises. Every primary class child should know the facts taught in those lessons before being graduated into the main school.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

The scene changes at Pomona. The re-count of votes in the case of City Attorney gave the high license man one majority, but two fraudulent votes were proved, and others could have been proved. The judge gives the place to the Prohibitionists. In addition to this fact is the farther item that the votes of Prohibitionists thrown out were thrown out on a technicality—that the voter used a lead pencil, instead of the stamp, in checking the names. It would thus seem that equity gives the Prohibitionists this place. The City Council has thrown out the high license Marshal. The ground given is that he failed to file his bond properly. It

is understood that, as in the other case, equity would have given the place to the anti-saloon men, and that the Council reverted to a technicality to obtain equity. In any event, the present situation is, that Pomona has all the machinery of no license, and has had its ordinances previously tested. If she cannot now succeed in a no-license policy, she will have no excuse, except the possible inadequacy of State legislation.

Los Angeles is enforcing Sunday closing again, and the anti-saloon forces were never more active.

On the whole, Southern California is a good field in which to strike down the open saloon.

A LITTLE BIT OF SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE.

The June meeting of the Ministers' Union of San Bernardino and Riverside counties was held at San Bernardino on the 17th. The attractive feature of the meeting was the paper by that princely, intellectual caterer, Rev. J. H. Williams of Redlands. He set before us a new dish, and—I wish Hawthorne had been there. He would have been made ashamed of himself for ever having put so much charming diction into so somber a tale as "The Christmas Banquet." The feast to which Brother Williams invited us was not, by any means, like Hawthorne's "Banquet"—"a festival at which the woeful man of Uz might suitably have been a guest." It was rich and sparkling, but wholesome. Some of us who have been trying to digest a work that appears to us not a little "heavy," and have thereby almost run ourselves into a dyspepsia that would have made dyspeptic Carlyle shudder, were pleased beyond measure with the taste and the effect of Brother Williams' delightful new delicacy. O Benjamin Kidd, must we swallow your "Social Evolution" when there is so much else that is good and so much more easily digested?

"The English Language as a Study For Ministers" was the subject of the paper. The writer of the paper recognizes the worth of choice language as well as of choice ideas. "Have something to say and then say it" would evidently not quite satisfy him. Have something to say and then say it in the best possible way, would suit him better. To judge from his own work, he follows the rule to choose words with care, and no more of them than seem necessary to express the thought. Of course this skillful use of language is possible only as language is carefully studied. So read, read, read. Read the masters in literature, and study their habits of expression, as well as their habits of thought. Shakespeare, Milton, De Quincy, Hawthorne, Black, and George MacDonald, among writers, and Phillips Brooks and Robert Ingersoll, among speakers, were mentioned either in the paper, or discussion which followed, as masters whose power lay, to no small degree, in their art of putting things.

Now I trust no good man or woman will fall to bemoaning the degeneracy of the ministers of San Bernardino and Riverside counties because Robert Ingersoll's name appears in the above list. We believe the brother to be unflinchingly orthodox who said that he had read all of Robert Ingersoll's work that he could lay his hands on; not at all for what the man had said, but for his way of saying it. Our brother is so rooted and grounded in the faith that he could do that; but probably, my reader,

you would better not try to do what he has done. Study the other seven, and the Bible, and you will have work enough for a lifetime. There is some splendid diction that we can afford to let drift by us on its way to the waters of Lethe.

The Union will hold its next regular meeting on the third Monday of July, and then adjourn until after the summer vacation.

W. N. BURR.

PERRIS, June 18, 1895.

SHALL I GIVE UNTO CHRIST MY BEST?

"Cursed be the deceiver who hath in his flock a mule, and voweth, and sacrificeth unto the Lord a corrupt thing!" (Mal. i: 14.) That the just claims of the Lord upon us are vast and immeasurable no one can doubt who has given the matter reasonable thought. What have we that we have not received? And what shall we ever have, as the ages come and go, which is not the gift of God? It was therefore most reasonable that under the old dispensation, the Hebrew worshiper should, in his sacrificial offerings, bring the best of his flock and lay it upon the altar of God. This was representative; it was a pledge that the best service, the largest love, should be given to God. The same sentiment in regard to human duty, was often repeated in Christ's teachings, and exemplified in his life.

Accordingly, in making a profession of religion, each of us, as we stood at God's altars, professedly laid all upon them, and pledged to Christ the best service we could render. This meant that we would seek the largest experience and richest endowments of the Spirit needful for best and most successful work. It surely meant no less. It did not mean that we would be content with an average Christian life, with an average lamb in our flock, or one averaging fairly with those usually given by our fellow-professors! No, no! that might be far below the requirement. We would give our best. We would not turn our Maker and Redeemer off with the lame and the blind—so often given—nor yet a second rate! We would give our best.

That, brethren, was the substance of the pledge we made and called God and man to witness, in that solemn hour, when we formally united with the church of God. Have we kept it? Are we trying to keep it? Have we searched diligently God's Word to ascertain what measures of the Spirit, what endowments of grace we may have to carry out this pledge? Have we felt a sacred discontent with anything short of our very best? Do we see Jesus as we may? Do we read the Bible with anointed eyes? Have we the power in prayer warranted by the Word? Do we bear the fruit, a branch attached to the great vine Jesus Christ ought to bear? Alas, alas! how few clusters and how shriveled!

"Dear Lord, and shall we ever live at this poor dying rate; Our love so cold, so dead to thee, and thine to us so great?"

It will not do to look around and say, "I am doing as much as the average Christian." That is giving an average lamb. You promised the very best. If others cheat the Lord and go back on their word that don't excuse you. Go and talk with the Lord about it. Ask him to show you what he has done for you. What it is in his heart to do yet more. What measures of love his spirit can enkindle in your own heart, reciprocating his? What baptisms of the Spirit you yet may have, for the growth, and joy, and power of the spiritual man within. A cry going up to God from all our churches for our very best in consecration, in love, in faith, in prayer, in power and in service will bring a pentecost to our Western Coast such as this world has never seen. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to me?" S. BRISTOL.

VENTURA.

Large portions of Miss Frances E. Willard's address at the World's W. C. T. U. in London, last week, were in our daily papers, telegraphed this long distance—quite different news from that often sent by telegram. Such newspaper enterprise is significant and encouraging, and is a sign of the times.

Prayer Meeting.

TOPIC FOR WEEK BEGINNING JULY 7.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Subject.—The Ten Commandments in our lives (Mark xii: 28-34).

Christianity presents truth and duty as living realities. The Bible gives but few definitions, and many illustrations. It deals but little in abstractions and formulas, and much with living characters. Along with each duty prescribed there is an accompanying example clearly defining the obligation. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength"; this is the first Commandment; and the second is like; namely, this, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This is not a prescription for the soul, but a standard lived by Christ and erected for his followers.

Supreme love to God is essential to character; it inspires man, and restores him to harmony with himself, with the universe and with God. Many are the troubles and perplexities which come to men from making man the center of existence. It may be humiliating to think of man as only "the small dust of the balance" instead of the center of the world. So, to the old astronomers, the earth seemed the center of everything. The sun was only to give light by day, the moon to give light by night, and the stars to assist the moon as best they could. With the earth for a center, those ancient scientists were often perplexed. The more they observed, the more they were puzzled. But, finally, one arose whose mind

was clear enough to discern that the sun was the center, and whose heart was large enough to confess that the earth was only a small member of marching constellations—

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

With this discovery, difficulties vanished, fears were allayed, and the harmony of the spheres acknowledged. When man makes himself the center, there is difficulty; when God is the center, there is stability, harmony, righteousness, and we say with David, "I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."

Supreme love to God is perfect restoration of man to the great purpose of his existence. He is oblivious of self, and executes the will of the Father. Man, haunted by his own shadow, is weak, and can do little. "I can do all things," said Paul, "through Christ, which strengtheneth me." "Stand thou by me, thou true and eternal God," was the prayer of Luther at the Diet of Worms. This supreme love to God sustains man in all his trials and duties; it enables him to do the work of God, to work as Christ worked, to live as Christ lived.

"We run in God's commands,
When love directs the way;
With willing hearts and active hands,
Our Maker's will obey."

We love God in loving man. We serve God by helping humanity. Our future life is determined by what we do on earth. The soul that loves God will love mankind. Love is measured by what it will produce. To love man is the necessary result and complement of loving God. This love is not merely an emotion, or sentiment, or an impulse, but a principle. It is a principle which brings joy.

"There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
would break the heart."

God has so arranged matters that the altar of sacrifice and the well of joy are always together. A life without love is a life without sacrifice; and a life without sacrifice is a life without joy.

"If, with honest-hearted love for God and man,
Day by day thou find us doing what we can,
Thou who giv'st the seed-time will give large increase.
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace."

(Deut vi: 4; Luke x: 27; Lev. xix: 18; Matt. xxii: 39; Rom. xiii: 9; Gal. v: 14; James ii: 8; Phil. iv: 5; I John iv: 20, 21; John xiii: 34.)
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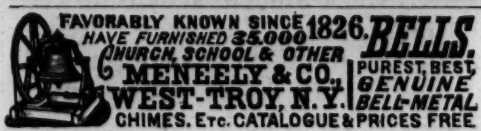
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CONSIDERATION IS A JEWEL.

Apropos of children and their shortcomings, let me say to their parents: Don't expect too much of them. Remember it has taken you forty years, it may be, to make you what you are, with all your lessons of experience; and I dare say you are a faulty being at best. Above all, don't expect judgment in a child, or patience under trials. Sympathize with them in their mistakes and troubles, and don't ridicule them. You cannot measure a child's trials by your standard.

"As one whom his mother comforted," says the inspired writer. How beautifully does he convey to us the deep, faithful love that ought to be found in every woman's heart, the unfailing sympathy with her children's griefs. Let the memories of their childhood be as bright as you can make them. Grant them every innocent pleasure in your power. I have often been provoked almost beyond measure to see how carelessly their little plans were thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part would have given the child pleasure, the memory of which would last a lifetime.

Lastly, don't think a child hopeless because it betrays some very bad habits. How many of you have known children that seem to have been born thieves and liars, so early did they display these traits? Yet you have lived to see these same children become noble young men and women, ornaments to home and to society. True they had wise, affectionate parents, or they would have been hopeless. Whatever else you may be compelled to deny your child by your circumstances in life, give it what is most essential and what it most values—unbounded love.

HOW OLD MUST I BE?

"Mother," a little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you, I do now, and I always shall; but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother replied: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered; "but tell me what I want to know." And she put her arms about her mother's neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing any older."

Her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, darling, without waiting to be older. Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered: "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and in her prayer the mother gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be his.—[Judson.

Rest is the deepest want in the soul of man. All men do not desire pleasure; all men do not crave intellectual food; but all men long for rest. It is this need which sometimes make the quiet of the grave an object of such deep desire. There the weary are at rest; and it is this which, consciously or unconsciously, is the real wish that lies at the bottom of all others. Oh, for the tranquility of heart, heaven's profoundest silence in the soul!—[F. W. Robertson.

God bless the cheerful people—man, woman or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature, are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside. They go unconsciously about their silent mission, brighten up society around them with the happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them; we love the nature of their eyes, the tone of their voice. Little children find them out, oh, so quickly, amid the densest crowd, and passing by the knitted brow and compressed lip, glide near, and laying a confiding little hand on their knee, lift their clear young eyes to those loving faces. Let us, every one, be bright and cheerful, so that we may scatter sunshine wherever we go.

The *Indians' Friend* says that in the opinion of army officers the experiment of using Indians as soldiers has proved a failure; consequently the Secretary of War is weeding out the Indian soldiers as rapidly as possible. This cannot be other than gratifying to all thoughtful friends of the Indians. We do not believe that training the red man for warlike purposes would ever have been helpful in the work of civilizing him. What we want is to train and educate him in the arts of peace, useful industry and law-abiding citizenship, and to do all that is possible to wean him away from warlike pursuits and the indulgence of warlike and cruel instincts.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove;
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

—St. Ambrose.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON FOR JULY 7.
(Concluded.)

the prisons of the United States, have learned that in almost all cases the course to ruin began with disobedience to parents. What numbers of juvenile criminals are being sentenced to Whittier's because they have become incorrigible in their homes!

"Thou shalt not kill"—by murder or suicide.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery." By illicit indulgence between the sexes, by unscriptural divorce and re-marriage (Matt. xix: 9; Rom. vii: 2, 3; I Cor. vii: 10). By lewd looks and thoughts (Matt. v: 28). The divine safeguard is marriage (I Cor. vii: 2). God created the sexes for wedded life, and it is next to impossible for any out of wedlock, for a long term of years, to keep in purity the seventh commandment in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount.

"Thou shalt not steal." This establishes the rights of property. Steal by taking property from another without his consent—burglary, robbery, stock frauds, real estate booms, knowingly misrepresenting the value of a commodity, trusts and monopolies, exorbitant interest on mortgages, obtaining goods on credit with no present or prospective ability or disposition to pay.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness." Lying is very common.

"Thou shalt not covet." This is the only command that treats of the sin of the mind and heart. This forbids the cherishing of a desire to get what belongs to another without rendering a full equivalent. It is evident a man covets another man's wife when he marries her the day after she secures a divorce; or that he covets a servant when he offers a trifle more wages than the servant is receiving. All the Commandments are so clearly stated that explanation seems almost superfluous.

The undersigned, Treasurer of the California Chinese Mission, acknowledges the receipt of the following amounts from May 17 to June 14, 1895:

I. From Local Missions:	
Fresno Chinese monthly offerings, \$4.85; anniversary offerings, \$9.50	\$14 35
Los Angeles Chinese monthly offerings, \$2.70; rent of rooms, \$5...	7 70
Marysville Chinese monthly offering, \$2.65; rents, \$5; anniversary offerings, \$11.50	19 15
Oakland First Congregational Ch., primary class in Sunday-school.	20 00
Oroville Chinese monthly offerings, \$3 30; anniversary offerings, \$29	32 30
Petaluma Chinese monthlies, \$2.50 rent of rooms, \$1	3 50
Riverside Chinese monthlies, \$2.95; anniversary offerings, \$10	12 95
Sacramento Chinese monthlies, \$6; anniversary offerings, \$7.25	13 25
San Bernardino Chinese monthlies, \$3 30; anniversary offerings, \$17.50	20 80
San Diego Chinese monthlies, \$2 80; rents, 75c.; anniversary offerings, \$28.55	32 10
San Francisco Central—Chinese monthlies, \$7.05; Jee Gam's family, \$16	23 05
San Francisco West—Chinese monthlies, \$3.15; annual memberships, \$6	9 15
San Francisco Barnes—Chinese monthlies	75
San Francisco Branch Association of Christian Chinese—monthlies, 10 months	12 50
San Francisco Bethany church—Miss E. Brookes, \$1.50; Alexander Morrison, \$2.50; Miss Janet Morrison, \$2.50; Andrew Smith, \$1; Mrs. Norris, \$1; Deacon H. J. Cortzen, \$1; Mrs. Allie Ladd, \$2; Mrs. E. P. Schon, \$2; Mrs. O. D. Wheeler, \$2.50	16 00
Santa Barbara Chinese monthlies, \$3; rents, \$1 50; anniversary	

offerings, \$5 25	9 75
Santa Cruz Chinese monthlies, \$1.55; rents, \$5	6 55
Stockton Chinese monthlies, \$1.75; rents, \$1 50	3 25
Ventura Chinese monthlies, \$1.50; rents, 75c.; anniversary offerings, \$12	14 25
Vernondale Chinese monthlies, \$1; anniversary offerings, \$2.25	3 25
Watsonville Chinese monthlies, \$1.75; anniversary offerings, \$7.50	9 25
Total	\$283 85
II. Palermo: Mrs. J. B. Ives	3 00
III. Eastern friends: Bangor, Maine.—Hon. E. R. Burpee, \$100; Belfast, Maine—Miss E. M. Pond, \$5	105 00
Grand total	\$391 85
WM. JOHNSTONE, Treas. C. C. M.	

Mr. Gladstone is commonly accounted a diffuse writer, but he occasionally compacts a whole situation into a striking sentence or two. The following is a good illustration of his power in this regard: "It is supremacy, not precedence, that we ask for the Bible; it is contrast, as well as resemblance, that we must feel compelled to insist on. The Bible is stamped with specialty of origin, and an immeasurable distance separates it from all competitors."

The churches of Ottumwa, Iowa, have been greatly blessed. June 9th, the first church received fifty-five on confession, and the Second church seventeen.

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LOVELL WHITE, Cashier